

# LONDON

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LECTURES.

Chemistry—Dr. Stenhouse.  
Superintendence of Dissections—Mr. Holden and Mr. Savory.  
SUMMER SESSION, 1857, commencing MAY 1.  
Materia Medica—Dr. F. Farre.  
Botany—Dr. Kirkes.  
Forensic Medicine—Dr. Black.  
Midwifery, &c.—Dr. West.

*Collegiate Establishment.*—Students can reside within the Hospital.

Scholarships, Prizes, &c.—At the end of the Winter Session, EXAMINATION will be held for two Scholarships of the value of £50. for a year. The Examination of the Classes for Prizes and Certificates of Merit will take place at the same time.

Further information may be obtained from Mr. PAGET, Mr. HOLDEN, or any of the Medical or Surgical Officers or Lecturers, or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

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 Classes in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the  
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**WINTER TERM.**  
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 Anatomy and Physiology—Prof. Sharpey, M.D., F.R.S.

Practical Anatomy.—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily by Prof. Ellis and Mr. David B. Reid, Demonstrator.

**SUMMER TERM.**

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Pathological Anatomy.—Prof. Jenner, M.D.

**Analytical Chemistry**—Prof. Williamson, throughout the Session.  
**Logic, French, and German Languages, Natural Philosophy, Geology, and Mineralogy**—according to announcement for the Faculty of Arts.

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Surgical Clinical Lectures, specially by Mr. Quain and by Mr. Erichsen.  
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Practical Pharmacy.—Pupils are instructed in the Hospital Dispensary.

to their families. Amongst these are several medical gentlemen. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

WM. JENNER, Dean of the Faculty.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August 1856.

The Lectures to the Classes of the Faculty of Arts will commence on Tuesday, the 14th of October.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CATHERINE.—There is not the slightest chance of a volume repaying its expenses.

J. L. B.'s poem is very much longer than our space would admit. Though full of feeling, it is not quite to our standard of poetry.

By a typographical error in the last impression the name of Mr. Samuel Neil, the author of the "Art of Reasoning," mentioned in the answer to "A Subscriber," was spelt Neal.

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

## ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE great topic of the fortnight has certainly been the magnificent extravaganza now being enacted at Moscow. What are the glories of the most dazzling *mise-en-scène*, what are the splendid works of BEVERLEY or of GRIEVE, beside this triumph of theatrical display? With the largest empire in the world for a theatre, sixty millions of people for spectators, the ancient capital of that empire for a stage, real emperors and empresses, real marshals and generals, real princes, courtiers, warriors, and lackeys for actors, real jewels to flash upon the scene and dazzle at once the eyes and the imagination—a spectacle has been produced which for pomp and splendour was perhaps never equalled in the world. To the reflective spectator, not even the comic side of the extravaganza would be wanting; and perhaps the keenest joke perceptible to such an one would be the fact that in the foremost rank of the motley throng there assembled were Englishmen, come to do honour to the man whom not many months ago they waged war against, and for whom they contrived all the mischief that the fiercest hostility could devise. So turns this world round: to-day a friend, to-morrow an enemy, and the next day a friend once more. This comparison of the Moscow spectacle to an extravaganza is so obvious that it seems to have suggested itself to many an eye-witness. The special correspondent of the *Times* can find no better way of bringing his own impressions before the minds of his readers. The great difficulty was to realise the fact that the materials of the spectacle were all genuine. It was like a pageant in a dream, or a procession shadowed by a phantasmagoria. This is what it seemed; what it really was may be briefly told; it was a vast multitude of people, savages and civilised men, Europeans and Asiatics, dwellers in every degree of latitude, from the Northern sea to the Mediterranean, prostrating themselves before and deifying one despotic man, whose ancestors, by a long succession of usurpation, plunder, and aggression, have bequeathed to him a heritage of power such as never mortal man succeeded to before—no, not the heirs of that ancient ALEXANDER, called the GREAT; no, not the successor of all-conquering CÆSAR; no, not that mighty monarch who saw his countless hosts before him, and wept when he remembered how fleeting was his power. And yet to think that that great throne, to which this modern ALEXANDER has been raised with such pomp and splendour, stands but upon the thin crust that spans over the abyss wherein is serfdom and the seething vengeance of an oppressed people!

As a contrast to this foreign magnificence, let us turn to the quiet triumphs of civilisation at home. On the 9th instant the good people of Manchester assembled to inaugurate their new Mechanics' Institution. The old building being insufficient for the necessities of the association, a new one has been provided, and this it is that was opened upon this occasion. Mr. OLIVER HERWOOD addressed the members at some length, dilating upon the prosperous history of the institution, which is one of the oldest and certainly one of the most successful, in the kingdom. The number of its members is now 1600 and its library possesses 1300 volumes. How many mechanics' institutes are there that can say as much?

Was SHAKSPEARE the author of his own plays? Or were they not written by LORD BACON? This is not a new question; but Mr. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH has lately revived it in a letter addressed to the Shakspeare Society. The arguments which go in support of this hypothesis are curious and specious, though we attach no sort of credit to the conclusion arrived at. Still, as a literary curiosity, the thesis is curious. Until he came to London, SHAKSPEARE never manifested any extraordinary talents; but, as soon as he arrived there,

he became noted for turning his hand to anything whereby he could make money, and he made himself generally useful about the theatres, and was, in fact, quite "a man of business." GREEKE calls him "Johannes Factotum," and it appears that he was accustomed to control and arrange the wardrobe and properties of the theatre. All this tends to show that he was more likely to superintend the production of another man's works than to produce original works of his own. Again, it is urged that SHAKSPEARE was not a well-educated man, could scarcely be called a polished man, and was certainly not a travelled man. How then could he use the classic materials, how could he exhibit the perfect polish or the acquaintance with foreign customs and foreign manners which appear everywhere in the plays? Also it is urged that SHAKSPEARE never claimed the plays as his own, but they were published in his name, for the first time, after his decease. The contemporaries of SHAKSPEARE seldom mention him, and never in connection with the great plays which are now reported to be his. But why select BACON? Mr. SMITH argues that everything in which SHAKSPEARE was deficient was possessed by BACON in the highest degree—learning, cultivation, wit, and experience. At the time when SHAKSPEARE was connected with the stage, FRANCIS BACON was studying law in Gray's-inn, and was on terms of intimacy with SHAKSPEARE's patron, LORD SOUTHAMPTON; but here we will let Mr. SMITH speak for himself.

The history of Bacon is just such as we should have drawn of Shakspeare, if he had been required to depict him from the internal evidence of his works. His daily walk, letters, and conversation, constitute the beau ideal of such a man as we might suppose the author of these plays to have been, and the very absence, in those letters, of all allusion to Shakspeare's plays, is some, though slight, corroboration of his connection with them. Born of noble and learned parents, he went to college at twelve years of age, and, by the time that he was sixteen, "he had run through the whole circle of the liberal arts as they were then taught; and, what is far more surprising, had begun, even then, to see through the emptiness and futility of the philosophy then in vogue, and to conjecture that useful knowledge must be raised upon other foundations, and built up with other materials than had been employed through a tract of many centuries back.

In reply to the very natural question, Why did not BACON claim these plays if he were really the author of them, Mr. SMITH has a ready answer:

If, then, we find a man aspiring to the highest distinctions of the State, and therefore emulating a character for wisdom and gravity, whose enemies were ever representing him to be a man of speculative opinions and light deportment, and therefore unfit to fill offices of such responsibility—is it not natural that a man so situated should desire to conceal his connection with poetry and players?

All this, as we said before, is very curious and very ingenious; but in reply we have this observation to make, that SHAKSPEARE's plays are immeasurably the greatest emanations of the human mind; that nothing comparable to them has ever proceeded from a mortal man; that they contain a thousand times more true wisdom and more sound philosophy than the avowed works of FRANCIS BACON can boast of; and that to have written them was sufficient not only to confer upon a man the highest possible character for "wisdom and gravity," but to exalt him to the "highest distinctions" not only "of the State" but of mankind. Now, as BACON was a very shrewd man, and had a very keen judgment of what was excellent and what the reverse (albeit not a very severe standard of right and wrong), we are bound to conclude that, if he had had the slightest claim to be considered the author of these immortal works, he would not have gone down to his grave without putting it forward, and the more so when, having attained "the highest distinctions of the State," he found them all of no avail, and that the only results of his ambitious career were likely to be disgrace and shame.

While the political press is filled with long discussions about "the American dead-lock" and the approaching battle for the Presidency, we have turned over with some curiosity a collection of rhyming squibs and party songs fresh from the streets of New York. Generally speaking, these ephemeral *nugæ* possess a special significance, which renders them intelligible only to those who are in the midst of the events to which they relate; yet in these pages may be found some gems of American wit which may well provoke the most indifferent to smile. "FREEMONT and Free-

dom" is the battle-cri of these squibbers, and of course there is no mercy for BUCHANAN. The last-named worthy is sometimes most unmercifully treated, under the designation of "Old Buck," and the rhymester seems never tired of ringing the changes upon this nickname. Here is a parody of "The Minstrel Boy":

The battered "Buck" to the dogs has gone,  
In the dirtiest holes you'll find him;  
A shame-proof shield he has buck-led on,  
And his shirt hangs out behind him!

As a classical wag said, *cetera in-desunt*. Further on, we hit upon a parody of Mrs. FLORENCE's celebrated "Bobbing Around":

The Buchanians begin to shake,  
As they go bobbing around, around;  
That Kansas' job was "a grand mistake,"  
They find in bobbing around.  
Though Buck was not there, he endorsed the crime,  
Bobbing around, around, around;  
So the "abstodge" won't do this time,  
As he goes bobbing around.

Occasionally the political Muse takes a graver and more earnest tone, especially when the late outrage upon Mr. SUMNER furnishes the theme. Here are two verses from a very fair imitation of "Scots wha hae":

Men! whose sires have bled to be  
Either clods of clay, or free,  
Guard the priceless liberty  
Won by blood and toil.  
Statues gag the Northern lip;  
Truth is met by knife and whip;  
Dare you tamely see them strip  
Freedom of her soil!  
Lawrence now in ashes lies,  
Blood from countless victims cries;  
Summer bleeds before our eyes—  
*Brooks has not been hung!*  
Vain are words with brutes to cope;  
Vain the eloquent flower and trope,  
When they answer with a rope  
Freedom's glowing tongue.

Certainly there is a great deal of our own electioneering spirit, as it flourished in the old days of pot-walloping, in all this.

This seems to be the age for polyglot publications. Before us lie two numbers of a polyglot journal, edited by IVAN GOLOVIN, and entitled *Russia*, printed in English, French, and German. It is clever, amusing, and put together with an air of freshness and originality which is quite foreign to our more professional journals. The second number contains an entertaining memoir of Colonel FREMONT, the popular aspirant for the Presidential chair of America. Also, there is a funny complaint against the managers of the *Times* newspaper, for refusing to insert the advertisement of Mr. GOLOVIN's *Russia*. The obnoxious advertisement contained the announcement of a letter "to Mr. *Times*." A report of the dialogue which actually occurred is given. "Who is Mr. *Times*?" asked the stern official. "You know best," was the reply. "Is he a gentleman?" "Not exactly." (*The réplique* is capital). "Where does he live?" "In Printing-house-square." "Take back your advertisement." Really, the levitation of the press, the Thunderer, the leading journal, the Englishman's Bible (*vide Emerson*), betrays a great sense of weakness when it exhibits such over-sensitiveness. But, to return to our researches among polyglot literature; here is a dictionary of four languages, the best of the sort we have yet seen. Instead of separating the languages, each word, in all four languages, is arranged in its alphabetical order, and follows consecutively. The German, the French, the English, and the Italian are the languages given—the four leading tongues of Europe. After each word given will be found its equivalent in each of the other three languages. To prevent any mistake, every word is numbered with a figure, 1, 2, 3, or 4, to signify the language to which it belongs; and this plan is all the more necessary when the proximity into which the words are brought makes their close and radical similarity manifest. It is the most compact and useful little volume that can possibly be imagined. Although containing about twelve hundred pages, it is printed upon such fine and excellent paper that it is really a pocket volume, or it may be conveniently stowed away in the desk or carpet-bag of the traveller, to whom, indeed, it will prove a most valuable boon. This admirable piece of polyglot literature is from the press of that most philological of publishers, Mr. TRUBNER. From the same press we receive another philological curiosity, in the shape of a collection of provincialisms and peculiar phrases used by the Brazilian Portuguese. This little brochure has been reprinted by Mr. TRUBNER from the *Revista Trimensal do Rio de Janeiro*, at the instance of

Prince LUCIEN BUONAPARTE. Another curiosity, and still from the same indefatigable publisher, is a number of a new publication in native Russian—that awful language which boasts of no less than thirty-two letters in its alphabet. In plain English its title means "Voices from Russia," and its story is very interesting. For some time past the distinguished Russian author HERZEN has been residing in this country; and, as is the case with all enlightened Russians who have once escaped the thralldom of despotism, the liberality of his opinions has rendered it extremely undesirable for him to return to his native land. Last year he started a sort of *Quarterly Review* in native Russian, called by a name which signified the *Polar Star*. To enable him to print this publication here, we understand that he found it necessary to set up a printing-office and purchase a fount of Russian type. This review has excited the greatest attention and curiosity throughout Europe, and especially in Russia, where men of thoughtful and patriotic minds were unaccustomed to meet with a free discussion of liberal opinions in their own tongue. The imperial police was, of course, upon the alert to prevent the entrance of such a dangerous publication within the dominions of the CZAR; but in spite of their vigilance a few copies found their way over the frontier, and were received with enthusiasm by the young men at the Universities of Kazan, St. Petersburg, and Moscow. No sooner had this taken place, than M. HERZEN was inundated with a number of manuscripts from Russia, all intended for insertion in his magazine. To accommodate these in a quarterly publication was clearly impossible; yet many of them were written in such an earnest spirit that it seemed a pity to let them remain in obscurity. Whereupon it occurred to M. HERZEN that these cries from the bowels of an enslaved, despot-ridden land might be fruitfully collected together, and issued in the form of a monthly publication, under the appropriate title of *Voices from Russia*; and this idea he has hastened to carry out. We understand that, even as a commercial speculation, M. HERZEN has been rewarded for his labours, and that both his *Polar Star* and his *Voices from Russia* are eagerly received by that vast crowd of liberal Russians whose opinions doom them to a self-banishment from the land of their birth.

Before quitting Mr. TRUEBNER, we may mention that he has now in the press, and will publish in about a month, a work which is likely to prove of the greatest interest to philologists. It is a "Bibliography of American Aboriginal Linguistics"—in other words, a guide to the literature of the aboriginal languages of the great American Continent. As these languages and dialects amount altogether to about five hundred in number, some notion may be formed of the extent of the work. This vast group of languages has long excited the attention of philologists, for it presents this curious and exceptional feature, that, whereas in the European languages similarity of grammatical construction is held to be certain evidence of a cognate origin, in the American languages it is by no means conclusive, seeing that, although they all present an extraordinary similarity of construction and are inflected in precisely the same manner, no identity can be established between many of them so far as regards the sound and appearance of the words. The Bibliography in question (some sheets of which have been brought under our notice) will materially facilitate the researches of philologists into this group of languages. It is being prepared by Mr. LUDEWIG and Mr. TRUEBNER himself.

By a rather strange coincidence, a work is expected shortly from the eminent Norwegian philologist Professor DAA, to prove that the aboriginal American Indians are of Scandinavian origin, and the evidence will be founded upon linguistic comparison.

We have already announced that Madame IDA PFEIFFER has lately visited this country, and that she is now preparing to visit the hitherto unexplored interior of Madagascar. To aid her in this purpose, the British Association has granted her some small pecuniary assistance. Since her visit here she has been to Paris, where she attended a meeting of the Geographical Society, of which she was immediately elected an honorary member.

Another fair visitor to these shores is Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who is improving her acquaintance with the aristocracy of the country.

The fashionable intelligence announces her as lately the visitor of the Duke and Duchess of ARGYLL; but, if we are to judge by the signal failure of her last work "Dred," fashionable society is not favourable to the development of that earnest and fearless style which was the crowning merit of Mrs. Stowe's *chef-d'œuvre*, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It is whispered in Paternoster-row that Captain BURTON, the undaunted traveller who penetrated the sacred recesses of Meccah, is now preparing for an expedition into Eastern Africa. No doubt he will visit those mysterious solitudes to better purpose than the butchery of droves of elephants and the slaughter of unnumbered lions. L.

#### THE LATE GILBERT A'BECKETT, ESQ.

MR. GILBERT ABBOT A'BECKETT, whose sudden and lamentable decease lately at Boulogne has caused a sensation amongst the writers and readers of what is termed light literature, has had several hurried biographical notices in the morning papers, which, however, are marked with the numerous inaccuracies that occur in such hasty notices.

Mr. A'Beckett was the second son of a solicitor of large practice in Golden-square, who dealt in the now almost exploded business of providing ambitious young men of fortune with Parliamentary boroughs, and he was also legal adviser to the parish of St. James. Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett was one of a large family, and was educated with his brothers at Westminster School, and, his father having married a second time, he and the family of the first wife were left to themselves in a manner that may account for the precocious conduct exhibited by many of them, and for the singular disregard exhibited for all prescriptive establishments and rules. Many humorous anecdotes are afloat of him: how the young wits shot off their epigrams in the weekly family paper against the second marriage, not being covetous of a step-mother; and how the father, finding them contumaciously inclined to a literary and Bohemian life, left them with very small stipends to their own, and, as he considered, reckless and ruinous career.

Before A'Beckett had left Westminster School he manifested that irrepressible talent for ridicule, and for the reduction of everything to the absurd, which a great wit of the day so happily characterised when he said "A'Beckett would contrive to put the great pyramid under a thimble." This peculiar capability of reduction it was that characterised his writings, and it was manifested with a marvellous power of humour and fancy. In his themes at Westminster he elicited alternate smiles and frowns from his master, by the quaint exercise of this faculty. At a very early age, in conjunction with the members of another very clever family (the Mayhews), he launched into publication; and a small publisher in Pulteney-street was the literary accoucher. In a weekly journal called *The Cerberus* will be found many of the jokes and germs of articles that afterwards beamed in the *Figaro* in London, and came out in full radiance in *Punch*. In it will be found, on perusing this work, that what are called light writers are very serious in the preservation of their jocular ideas, and work them up with no inconsiderable industry and labour.

*The Cerberus*, though vehemently admired and puffed by a small clique, was a mercantile failure; and the next venture was of a more ambitious nature, being a weekly literary journal, called *The Beacon*, and the victim on this occasion was "a spirited publisher," named Richardson, who then dwelt in High Holborn. This public avowal of literature as a profession excited parental sorrow and anger; and this very clever set of young writers had not only to battle all the world (a self-elected task), but also the sterner necessities of life. Their resort at this time was the humble Crown coffee-house, in Holborn, where also might be found the greatest Greek scholar of the day, and many men of eminence now, or of estimation then, who were delighted with the vivacity and audacity of the young and aspiring wits. The usual privations were endured under this course of life; and, the *Beacon* soon paling its "ineffectual fire," they were almost driven back to the professions for which they had been educated and were intended. Relief, however, came in the shape of an advertisement. A literary celebrity, known by the delicate sobriquet of "Dirty Cummings," and who had wielded in a

trenchant manner the dramatic pen of the *Weekly Dispatch*, passed off the mortal scene; and the proprietors, anxious, it was said, to secure a more impartial style of criticism, announced the vacancy, and invited public competition for the important office. The subject of this notice went in, amongst five hundred other aspirants, and obtained the office, and the magnificent salary of two guineas a week. Great was the rejoicing amongst the literary *troupe*, for a kind of communism reigned amongst them, at this accession of means and full acknowledgment of the literary capacity of their compeer. Alas, for human hopes! The light, original, and elegant writer was very shortly pronounced wanting in vigour and power, and his services were dispensed with. A gloom was cast over the tribe, and despair scattered them each to his own resources, and the tremendous alternative of retiring to a plodding profession.

Mr. A'Beckett now fell in with Seymour, a caricaturist of great humour; and the *Figaro* in London was projected and produced. It was original in idea; short, crisp, and pungent in its articles; and it shot its small arrows at everything and everybody; reducing them by ridicule, but not seeking to destroy or injure by a sterner kind of satire. Its novelty, its talent, and its price carried it into a large sale, and Mr. A'Beckett became a popular writer, and at the very height of its success, it is said, cleared a thousand a year by it. It was attended, however, by its inconveniences, and the editor was open to and received personal attacks. Mr. Edwin, the comedian, especially avenged himself for some deteriorating sarcasms.

Previous to this, and during the precursory state, *The Poor Man's Guardian* had been started by a very earnest reformer and republican, Mr. Thomas Mayhew; and Mr. A'Beckett was engaged to write depreciatory reports of Parliamentary matters. This he did with his extraordinary reducing powers; treating the King as Mr. William Guelph, and otherwise rendering very absurd the pompous and corrupt proceedings of the Legislature. It was the custom then to notice such publications, and the little periodical was denounced in the House of Commons, and the very words written by Mr. A'Beckett quoted as amongst the most obnoxious. It must be said in justification of the writer that his share in this publication was merely literary, for his opinions and temperament were peculiarly conservative, and he certainly had no sympathy with the cause he was thus embarked in. His connection with it was also of a very brief duration. Mr. T. Mayhew, having forsaken the more violent path of politics, commenced the cheap era in literature, by starting a great number of serials, and also some periodicals of a lighter nature, in which Mr. A'Beckett was engaged; and many of his productions will be found in the *It* and the *Comic Magazine*. A weekly newspaper, called *The Eye*, was also started, with Mr. A'Beckett as editor, and its first leading article commenced with "Here we are with our Eye out." That being also an unblushing age of plagiarism, he edited *The Robber*, brought out in rivalry with *The Thief*, a publication which by extracting universally had attained a great pecuniary success.

In the earlier part of his career he became acquainted with a Mr. Thomas Clark, worthy of note as the founder of that peculiar class of literary produce which has fully developed itself in *Punch*. His little light work *The Cigar* may be considered the forerunner of a bright and brilliant progeny. He was also a serious writer of considerable power; and, having the editorship of "The Georgian Era," a biographical work (utterly destroyed by an article in the *Quarterly Review*), he employed Mr. A'Beckett, and there may be found his most serious writing. The success of the *Figaro* led him into many small literary speculations, and a long list of penny periodicals, such as *The Lion*, *The Ghost*, &c., may be found in a record which Mr. Bunn somewhat maliciously published when attacked in *Punch*. This record was the list which was filed in the Insolvent Court, when too rash publishing had brought the clever author to that pecuniary crisis—a crisis which was created solely by utter ignorance of mercantile affairs.

Soon after the establishment of *Punch*, Mr. A'Beckett was engaged on it, and employed his ridicule to the parodying courtly and mercantile announcements; and, having resumed his pro-

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fession as a barrister, turned his study of the Commentaries to account by rewriting them in a comic vein, which must have much annoyed the precise Blackstone, could he have had cognisance of it. This vein being found very popular, the histories of Rome and England were laid under contribution; and it was not known how far the spirit of parody might go, and inquiries were made, "When are we to have the Comic Prayer-book?" In 1832 Mr. A'Beckett had manifested a capacity for dramatic writing, and was for a very short period joint manager with Mr. Henry Mayhew in the Tottenham-court Theatre, then called "the Queen's," where he produced his first burlesque, "Glaucus and Scylla," "The Revolt of the Workhouse," &c. He afterwards was connected with Mr. Braham in the management of the St. James's Theatre, and produced there numerous smart one-act pieces, such as "The Man with the Carpet-Bag," &c. He was also connected with the daily press, and wrote leaders for the *Herald*, and for a year for the *Times*, it being generally understood that the bantering articles on the British Association on its foundation were his. Having been called to the Bar, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Buller, a statesman of great promise, and by him he was appointed one of a commission for reporting on the operation of the Poor Laws and the state of the poor, and, it is said, produced one of the most able reports ever sent in to the Government. This led to Mr. A'Beckett's appointment as one of the metropolitan magistrates in 1849, which, however, notwithstanding the illustrious example of Fielding and other literary celebrities being appointed to such an office, led to much cavil on the part of many legal aspirants; and the *Morning*

*Herald* had a severe leader or two on the subject, supposed to have been written by the late Dr. Samuel Phillips. The conduct of Mr. A'Beckett on the bench, however, fully justified the sagacity of the judgment that placed him there, and his public conduct was marked by a singular equanimity and temperance of conduct, and with constant urbanity and humanity of manner and feeling; and his decease in the very prime of his life has been widely and sincerely lamented. As a writer Mr. A'Beckett stood alone. His satire was without earnestness and without malice; but it was frequently bitterly resented, as it had a peculiar power of reducing the object of its attack. Everything was dwarfed by his sarcasm; and it sometimes happened that the good and the great were thus reduced to a laughing stock. It must, however, be confessed it was more frequently levelled at empty pomposity and follies that have gained position by prescription than at any really valuable or worthy objects. Whether by time his literary genius would have ripened into a more vigorous exercise is not now permitted to be solved; but we are inclined to think that he had fulfilled his literary mission, and that a still newer class, deriving from him and his associates a more familiar and lively style, will add to that felicity of style the sounder knowledge and the deeper feeling necessary for fully-developed literature. Mr. A'Beckett and his class did much to get rid of the Dryasdust school; but they lacked the passion and the knowledge to satisfy fully the advancing age. A collection from his works, however, would prove him to have had the gift of fancy and the power of observation; and many parodies and whimsical pieces would still much delight the many.

TO C. E. S.

A THOUGHT.

MAY be thou art thinking now  
As I think of thee;  
And our thoughts in Heaven above  
Meet invisibly.

MAY be when my limbs and thine  
Sealed in slumber lie,  
Thou and I in spirit meet  
All unknowingly.

Sweet the thought, our lives, my love,  
Parted ne'er may be;  
Though between thy heart and mine  
Leagues of land and sea.

MAY be in those unknown hours  
Each freed spirit feels  
Shadowed truths, whose fullest form  
Death alone reveals.

MAY be thou in higher things  
Still my gentle guide;  
Truth, and faith, and purity,  
Chain me to thy side.

MAY be on our souls a ray  
Faint and feeble falls,  
Of that light which shall be ours,  
When our Master calls!

Oh that memory lived and flowed  
From those hours to these!  
Could we taste their hidden joys—  
Hear their harmonies!

Ah! it is not so, alas!  
Not a glint or gleam  
Steals upon our waking hours;  
Still 'tis sweet to dream

Of this two-fold life and love,  
Two-fold running fate,  
Sad and lone we may be oft,  
Never desolate.

Dream as I dream, Sweet, that we  
Can be parted never,  
Though our hearts and hands, my love,  
Half the world may sever.

J. J. BRITTON.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*The Social History of the People of the Southern Counties of England in Past Centuries; Illustrated in regard to their Habits, Municipal By-Laws, Civil Progress, &c.* By GEORGE ROBERTS. London: Longmans. 1856.

It may be fairly objected against this work that it does not perform that which its title promises. If its author had simply stated that he intended to put forward crudely and loosely a quantity of curious odds and ends which his various reading and special access to private documents had brought under his notice, we should have had no cause of complaint against him. The organ of order does not reign predominant over every man's brain, and it cannot be denied that some of those books are very valuable which most resemble rag-bags—collectanea out of which every man can help himself to the scraps which best suit his own particular purpose; but when such a book is introduced to us under cover of a title-page and a preface promising "a social history" of a certain part of England—that is to say, an enlightened and philosophical inquiry into the origin and progress of that wonderful organisation, society—then we think that we have some right to complain and to take its author to task. In sober truth, this volume is no more "a social history" than a scrap-book is a treatise upon art, or than the common-place book of an antiquary is an essay upon archaeology: out of this, and many other similar books, such a history might be written; but the reader does not need to be told that a load of bricks is not a house, nor a timber-yard a seventy-four gun ship.

The very first chapter of the volume, instead of giving us some account of the state of the Southern Counties of England at any particular period, and so fixing a starting-point to proceed from, dashes at once into an account of how judges, magistrates, and courtiers used to receive bribes and presents. This is a very interesting question of course, yet scarcely the sort of topic which one would expect to take the lead in social history. Even in arranging his notes upon this matter, Mr. Roberts does not appear to have followed any regular plan. We are hurried violently from the disgrace of Bacon, in 1621, to the malfeasance of a Mayor of Bristol, in the reign of Edward II., and then back again, with equal abruptness, to the year 1610; then back again to 1587, and again to 1646, when the

Judges on circuit were entertained publicly by the Mayor of Lyme—scarcely a case in point of bribery. Of the characters of those persons who were convicted of taking bribes, and of the various causes which influenced the opinion of society as to such matters in those days, not one word is vouchsafed by Mr. Roberts. Apropos of these entertainments given to the judges, and the charges made for them, there is much curious matter about the market value of comestibles; but no attempt is made at drawing a comparison between past and present prices, by estimating the relative values of the current coin of the realm. In a subsequent part of the book, Mr. Roberts contents himself with asserting that "the value of money cannot be found with accuracy for all periods of our history." Would not the price of a bushel of corn have given him a sufficient criterion for estimating the relative value of prices? Upon an incidental mention of cabbage, we have an inquiry as to whether Sir Anthony Ashley, of Winborne, St. Giles, did not introduce cabbage as an article of food, and a quotation is made from Hudson Turner, stating that the cabbage tribe was "not unknown in the middle ages;" whereas it is certain that the cabbage (*brassica*) and colewort, and all that tribe, were very well known to the Romans.

Following close upon the heels of the notes upon bribery, we come, with some sort of relevance, upon an account of vails to servants. The anecdote of Sir Richard Steele, at Blenheim, is of course given; but the following strikes us as new:

"Pray sir," said James, a deceased gentleman's butler to a rich master in want of a servant, "how often do you entertain, and how many do you invite at a time?" The gentleman said, "Once a week; I see eight friends at dinner." "Then, sir, I am afraid your place will not suit me; I should not like to engage where there is not company twice a week."

A Sussex gentleman named Burrell, after leaving a house where he had been entertained, divided 3*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.* between the servants; but as the date of the transaction is not given we are quite unable to estimate the munificence of the gift.

The next chapter, which is on play-actors, is very short, and, considering the interest of the subject, particularly meagre of information. Nor is such as we find always very accurate. Thus we are told that Bishop Still's comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" came next in point

of time to Udall's "Ralph Royster Doyster," thus entirely ignoring Mr. Payne Collier's discovery of "Mesogonus" by Thomas Richards, which was produced between the two. The public accounts of expenditure by the authorities of the town of Lyme supply instances of money given to players during the reign of Elizabeth—to wit, Lord Mountjoy's players, the Queen's, My Lord of Exeter's, My Lord of Leicester's, and the Queen's tumblers; but on no occasion did the sum bestowed exceed *ten shillings*, whilst upon one occasion it was as low as eighteen pence. In the time of the Puritans the feeling against the poor players ran very high. About 1620 we find traces in the Lyme accounts of sums given to the players "to depart the town without playing;" but after the Restoration the players had a better time of it. Yet, in 1694, a company of "vagrant showmen" were taken up by the constables at Lewes and arbitrarily sent on board ship for the sea-service.

The fate of these poor showmen at once brings Mr. Roberts to maritime affairs, and, although our progress in these matters has exercised perhaps a greater influence over this nation than anything else, this great topic (even including the slave-trade) is dismissed in about twenty pages; nor does even that small space appear to contain anything of very special interest. It is curious, however, to note that many of those ports in the Channel which were once important are now so no longer. Thus Lyme Regis was once a very considerable seaport, and Brighton is included by Borde among the "more noble havens." Weymouth was also a very considerable place.

From naval matters to piracy and privateering the transition is easy. Scaliger said that the English made the best pirates—*nulli melius piraticam exercent quam Angli*. We suppose that this is why they make the best sailors; as the best poachers make the best keepers. The protection of the coasts from foreign pirates was a considerable item in the expenditure of the southern towns; and when we hear that the British Channel was at one time infested by even Turkish pirates and Salee rovers, even so late as the reign of James I., this is not to be wondered at. To think that little more than two hundred years ago a parcel of turbaned barbarians, ruffians from a little muddy town on the Mediterranean, kept the whole south coast of England, from the mouth of the Severn to Dover, in fear and trembling, and that the government of "the modern Solomon" was

not strong enough to repel the knaves! Even in 1689 French pirates ravaged the Channel, as Macaulay freely testifies. To keep these marauders at a distance, of course the southern towns had to be fortified; and by means of beacon lights, they communicated with each other when danger threatened.

Everybody was equally interested in preserving the coast from marauders, and consequently everybody was expected to be skilful in the use of arms. When therefore certain games were introduced which diverted the attention of young men from archery, it was found necessary to make them illegal by special enactment. Among these were "coyts" (quoits) and football. In the presentment of a jury in 1569, it was complained that there was too much bowling and too little shooting. Henry the Eighth passed an Act "for the maintenance of artillerie and debarring of unlawful games."

The soldiers of the regular army were, apparently, not very popular among our ancestors; wherever they went, they distinguished themselves by violence and crime. In the year of the Armada, when the patriotism of the nation was at the highest pitch, we find those mercenaries selling their arms, under pretence that they had received no pay, and the Queen was obliged to publish a proclamation denouncing that plea as false. In the diary of Walter Yonge, Esq., that worthy includes the soldiers as among the greatest plagues of the country. In the Lyme accounts, sums of money are entered as paid to the officers for avoiding the town. In Charles the Second's time, Captain Wolsley encouraged his soldiers to toss the Mayor of Scarborough in a blanket, saying that he would let him know that the military power was above the civil.

There is a chapter on pilgrimages and pilgrim ships; after which we come to some of the proceedings of the early magistrates, which savour somewhat of Lynch law. A man was fined in the fifteenth century for "lying about with intention to ravish women;" eaves-droppers were punished; all persons not belonging to a borough were accounted *foreigners*, and treated as such; each borough was *imperium in imperio*—the magistrates did precisely what they pleased, and there was none to question them. Occasionally, it must be admitted, there was a sort of rude justice about this magisterial law. In 1650 a fellow named John Bryne, notorious for going to law with people upon frivolous excuses, and so causing them great expense, was imprisoned and held to bail; but in the next page we find that a man who spoke contemptuously of the King was imprisoned and whipped; a woman who falsely charged a man with having promised to marry her was punished with imprisonment; a railer was punished by imprisonment with labour. In 1627 the magistrates of Blandford indicted a clergyman for sowing sedition between man and wife; the magistrates also regulated the number of attorneys who were to be allowed to practise in a district. In those happy days there were only six of those gentry allowed in Norfolk, and the same number in Suffolk.

Now we come to chapters on the tumbrel, the pillory, the cucking-stool, and other borough modes of punishment. Engravings of these agreeable instruments are given, and anecdotes illustrative of their use. In the Gravesend accounts for 1636 there is an item of two shillings paid to "the porters for ducking of Goodwife Campion." Of all these punishments the pillory was the worst, because its administration depended entirely upon the mob. Whipping was very common, and was alike administered to men, women, and children. Fourpence was the sum paid for whipping a boy; but the castigation of a man or a woman cost at least a shilling. In 1571 the undergraduates of Cambridge were to be whipped with rods if they bathed in the river; and graduates for the like offence were to be set in the stocks. Those who cursed and swore were liable to be set in the stocks. Some of the punishments were very severe. At Bridport Michaelmas sessions (date not given) a woman was sentenced to be hanged for being an *incorrigible vagrant*. The state of the gaols was then very bad. There were no beds for the prisoners, and often not even straw. Howard found the debtors' gaol in Gloucester without any windows, the light being admitted only through a hole in the plaster. Prisoners were given up wholly to the tender mercies of the gaoler, who made as much profit out of them as possible, and punished them according to his will.

The surveillance of the magistrates over the

affairs of a man's household was very arbitrary. No one was to take a lodger or harbour any person without the approbation of these worthies. All who offended against this regulation were fined. Companies of "Irish people" wandering about were very speedily seized upon and sent back to the place whence they came. Some of the customs were more odd than pleasant. When the boundaries of a parish were marked out, boys were bumped along the lines of demarcation, and were put to great pain, in order that they might remember the locality. The observance of Sunday would have satisfied even Lord Robert Grosvenor. Fishing was forbidden on that day all round the south coast, and so was archery. Those who absented themselves from Church were fined. In 1599 the Lyme magistrates foreshadowed the Beer Bill by forbidding the sale of that beverage during the time of divine service. When King James published his "Book of Sports," he permitted "lawful recreation," such as dancing, archery, May-games, and the like, after divine service. This caused great scandal among the Puritans, one of whom (a certain Ignatius Jordan, of Exeter) petitioned the King for the observance of the Lord's Day; whereupon his Majesty was very wroth, and declared "he would hang the fellow." We do not find, however, that this threat was carried into execution. About the middle of the seventeenth century a great many persons were fined for absenting themselves from church on Sunday. The magistrates of Frome were particularly active in this respect. Thomas Standish and his wife were fined for walking during sermon-time; "two swetehearts" were convicted of a similar offence; and a boy was whipped for riding on a gate on a Sunday afternoon. Well might Drunken Barnaby laugh at the "puritan one," whom he found

Hanging of his cat on Monday.  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Persons were even fined for going to a strange church to hear some preacher, of whom they had good report. This last was a mode of carrying out the law which would scarcely have suited some of our modern Sabbatarians.

There is some curious information about such subjects as fasting and fish diet, gipsies, the medical profession, sanitary measures and the plague—given just in the order in which we have set them down, and without any further arrangement. There are some notes about the civil engineering of the time. In connection with the Cobb, or harbour of Lyme, mention is made of the festivity known as "the Cobb Ale." This was a yearly merry-making for the benefit and maintenance of the harbour. The Puritans attacked that old custom and overthrew it. It is curious how these things repeat themselves; a very short time ago Preston teetotaller (one Joseph Livesey, a cheese-factor) gave notice to the Board of Poor-law Guardians for that time that he should oppose the expenditure of money for ale at the annual wheat sales, although it is a custom which has obtained for years.

The discovery of coal exercised an immense influence over the whole of England. At first its use was discouraged, upon the ground that it spoilt the complexions of the ladies and injured furniture. Once adopted, however, the results were astonishing. Without it the iron-trade must have remained in its infancy and our home manufactures could never have attained their present magnificent scale. The imperfect manner in which houses were formerly built rendered the law very watchful against accidents by fire. Men were compelled to keep their chimneys in repair. When a fire once got the mastery of a house the effects were tremendous and not easily checked; for the machinery used in extinguishing fire was of the rudest and most inefficient description. A fire-engine was considered an appropriate present to a borough by a gentleman aspiring to represent it in Parliament. The first fire insurance office was the Phoenix, established in 1682.

The Clothing Trade in the West of England and the Clothiers' Parliament afford matter for an interesting chapter; another on smuggling; another on the lace-trade. Then come Lotteries, the Western Rebellion in the reign of Edward VI., parish clerks, hornbooks, state of education, Yorkshire schools (what can they have to do with the southern counties?), costume, cock-fighting, bowling-greens, the landing of the Pretender, meats and drinks, travelling, witchcraft, and a host of other matters, which would take more space even to enumerate than we care to devote to that purpose. Nevertheless, though

introduced without any arrangement and treated without much art, these subjects are all interesting in their way. As a mere repository of recollective information, Mr. Roberts's work has its value, and will prove of the greatest use to anyone who, with a deeper and more philosophical insight into the great problem of social life, sets earnestly about writing that which this gentleman intended, but which he has certainly not effected,—a history of social progress in England.

*Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire.* Vol. VIII. Session 1855-6. London: J. H. Parker.

This volume of transactions contains some very interesting matter. A paper by the vice-president, J. H. Dawson, Esq., upon the growth of Liverpool, will be received with great satisfaction by all who feel interested in the progress of that flourishing port. The population of Liverpool, in the year 1700, amounted to 5,715 persons; in 1801 it amounted to 73,010; and in 1851 to 255,535. It appears therefore that the often-repeated statement that Liverpool owes its prosperity to the slave-trade is altogether untrue; seeing that its most rapid growth has taken place since the abolition of that nefarious traffic. The above enumeration only includes the population of the town; in 1851, the population of the municipal and parliamentary borough (including 4,442 acres of land) was 375,955. There is another most valuable paper, contributed by David Buxton, Esq., on "The Rise of the Manufacturing Towns of Lancashire and Cheshire." This paper is mainly confined to what is called the Manchester District, which includes sixteen towns, four in Cheshire, and twelve in Lancashire. The increase of population in the Manchester District, since the development of the cotton trade, has been extraordinary. In 1757 the population of Manchester and Salford was 19,839, and in 1851 it was 401,321; some of the other towns have increased in the same period *fifteen-fold*. The cotton-trade is almost the sole cause of this. In 1751 we imported into this country three millions of pounds of that commodity; in 1800, fifty-six millions of pounds; and for the first three months of the present year we have imported at the rate of two hundred and six millions of pounds per annum. The export of manufactured cotton goods has increased in the same time from about 46,000, to thirty millions sterling per annum in value. It should be remembered that Lancashire represents 70 per cent. of the entire cotton manufacture of the kingdom, and Cheshire supplies 8½ per cent. From the tables appended a few figures may be extracted to show the immensity of the cotton manufacture in Lancashire. In that county alone there are at present 1235 factories, which employ 215,983 operatives (male and female), and a motive-power represented by 46,910 horses for steam power, and 3376 horses for water-power. In these factories are 176,947 power-looms, and 13,955,497 spindles!

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A., Editor of the "Pictorial Bible" and the "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature;"* Author of "Daily Bible Illustrations," &c. &c. Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals. By J. E. RYLAND, M.A., Editor of "Foster's Life and Correspondence," &c. &c. With a critical estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor EADIE, D.D., LL.D., Glasgow. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Sons. London: Hamilton and Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 714.

ON purely literary grounds alone, we should feel it our duty to introduce the contents of this volume to our readers. Dr. Kitto laboured long and hard in the republic of letters; and, besides an immense amount of pleasure and instruction conferred upon the public during a quarter of a century, has left behind him some enduring monuments of pious intellectual industry. At the commencement of his career as a writer for the means of subsistence, he was employed by Mr. Charles Knight upon the *Penny Magazine* and other popular productions. This led to the editing the "Pictorial Bible," which appears to have been the joint conception of himself and Mr. Knight. This work had a very large sale, and, in an improved edition brought out by the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, is still a favourite with the public. To the Biblical student it is highly valuable, while its general attractions make it acceptable to all classes of readers. Avoiding all discussion, or indeed any treatment, of theology, except of the least disputed kind, the plan of this work is to throw light upon the sacred text in its historical, antiquarian, and literary aspects, and to bring to bear upon it the various discoveries of ancient and modern times. The way in which

the "Pictorial Bible" is both at a piracy which unscrupulous great value. Kitto's compilation is a rare work. Biblical so many—Dr. and Heng men as Dr. in England massive v many fav not alway and pecul doubted have been publisher great pec had to be A. and C success o take it, useful a p a new an edited by

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the "Pictorial Bible" is quoted as an authority, both at home and abroad, and the wholesale piracy which its materials have suffered from unscrupulous imitators, sufficiently attest its great value.

Kitto's next important undertaking was the compilation of the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature." In this task he was assisted by the first Biblical scholars in England, America, and Germany—Dr. Leonard Woods of America, Credner and Hengstenberg of Germany, united with such men as Drs. Stebbing, Alexander, and Pye Smith, in England. For the production of the two massive volumes which comprise the Cyclopædia many favourable circumstances were necessary, not always found in combination. The industry and peculiar talents of Dr. Kitto, and the undoubted qualifications of his coadjutors, would have been insufficient, had not an enterprising publisher been found ready to incur the very great pecuniary outlay. For some years money had to be supplied rather liberally; and, if Messrs. A. and C. Black had not foreseen the ultimate success of the work, and been induced to undertake it, England might still have wanted so useful a publication. Its sale has been large, and a new and revised edition has just appeared, edited by the Rev. Dr. Burgess.

In January 1848 appeared the first number of the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, which has continued to be published quarterly up to the present time, and is now enjoying an established reputation. It was a favourite scheme of Dr. Kitto's, although he never derived from it much pecuniary advantage. This was the only work he undertook on his own account, and his habits were not sufficiently business-like to enable him to do the best for his own interests. Looking round for some more profitable employment of his fertile mind, he wrote several small works, until he commenced the series of volumes on which his fame will probably most permanently rest. We allude to the "Daily Bible Illustrations," being original readings for a year on subjects from sacred history, biography, geography, antiquities, and theology. The series was intended to be complete in four volumes; but the public was so patronising, and the themes so inexhaustible, that it extended to eight. It cannot be said that novelty and interest are at all sacrificed by this prolongation of the work; on the contrary, most readers will wish it longer. Holy Scripture is treated in these volumes in an attractive, sober, and learned manner, so as to engage in admiration of its varied contents alike the peasant and the scholar. We quite agree with the estimate formed of them by Dr. Eadie.

It is not easy to characterise the volumes. He throws light throughout the series on many obscure allusions, says many tender and many startling things, opens his heart to the reader as he unfolds the stores of his learning—all his utterances being in harmony with his avowed design, to make this work "really interesting as a reading book to the family circle, for which it is primarily intended." . . . The interest never flags, dry detail is avoided, and the themes for the Lord's Day are in uniform keeping with the sacred character. . . . A rich, a racy humour now and then shines out, not so frequent as in Matthew Henry, nor so salient and picturesque as in Thomas Fuller. Nothing like a morbid spiritualism is found in them—it is open-faced godliness. They are suggestive, too, in their nature; many things are placed in a different light, and many remarks are made, so new, and yet so much in point, that you wonder they never struck you before. Difficulties are honestly met, and are never set aside by any rationalising process. . . . He writes with earnestness and living power, and the results of his travels, experience, and research, suffer no deterioration from being moulded anew in the fire of a devout soul, and set in the framework of an ingenious and healthful piety.

With the eighth volume of the "Daily Bible Illustrations" Dr. Kitto's labours ended. The exigencies of a large family had taxed fearfully a fine healthy constitution, and just as he had transmitted the last sheet to Messrs. Oliphant, the publishers, he was seized with apoplexy, and never wrote again, although he lingered for some time. He died in Germany, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health, in 1854, at the early age of fifty. His works were twenty-one in number, and one of them, "The Lost Senses," is, in its treatment of deafness, mainly autobiographical. The mention of this leads us to turn from the literary labours of Dr. Kitto to his eventful life, as it is detailed in the volume before us. We think we have said enough to show that from his mental productions alone the subject of this biography was worthy of notice; but his personal history was a most

remarkable one, having throughout an air of romance, which makes it deeply interesting and attractive. He was born in 1804, of poor parents, at Plymouth, and at the age of twelve years fell from a scaffold while assisting his father as a mason, and was ever afterwards as deaf as if no sense of hearing had been his. Sad loss for one in his position; but it turned out to be the foundation of his usefulness and fame. He had received but little education previous to the accident, and all he had afterwards was the result of his own spontaneous energies. In the midst of poverty and the sad loneliness of his position, the boy became observant and thoughtful to an extraordinary degree, picking up information wherever he could, and making his whole life bear upon his intellectual culture. The record of these boyish days, which culminated in Plymouth workhouse, is both affecting and edifying. It shows what may be done by perseverance in the midst of difficulties; it illustrates also the fact there is a compensating principle in Divine Providence, and that God "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Before he was of age, without a schoolmaster, and with scarcely any external guide or monitor, Kitto was a decent composer in his own tongue, and well informed. His productions, written in secret while an inhabitant of the workhouse, are quite remarkable for their style and thoughtfulness, and the extracts furnished will be found not the least interesting portions of this volume.

Emerging from neglect and obscurity, Kitto was almost on a sudden placed in a sphere where he attracted notice and became useful. Under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society he went to Malta, as a printer; but that engagement did not long continue. From 1829 to 1833 he was in the East, particularly at Bagdad and parts of Persia, having accompanied a devoted missionary, Mr. Groves, thither. If his ears were locked against external sound, his eyes made up for the loss; and in these travels he laid up that large amount of facts relating to Eastern life, which afterwards proved of such signal service in Biblical illustration. In 1833 he returned to England, married, and began that successful literary course which only ended with his death. A large portion of this volume is occupied by his journal during his abode in the East, and this alone would have made a popular book. He observed everything, and has recorded his impressions in graphic and appropriate language.

We are sorry to have to say that so useful and attractive a writer as Dr. Kitto closed his days in circumstances of great pecuniary perplexity, although his wants and even his comforts were supplied by the kindness of his numerous friends and admirers. As this circumstance has led to reflections on "the fate of genius," "the want of sympathy on the part of the public for literary men," and the "hard-heartedness of publishers," we must detain our readers while we exactly describe the facts of the case. Throughout his active life Dr. Kitto had been a fortunate man of letters. His publishers seem to have been uniformly kind and liberal, and as the result of his labours he was able to bring up a family of eight children in respectability, and, to the time of his death, suitably educated. He lived in a good house, and had a library of great extent and completeness for a private man. For twenty years, then, Dr. Kitto lived on literature, and, we believe, died but little in debt, if at all. Is there anything in these facts but what is highly complimentary to the author, the public, and the publishers? We believe that Dr. Kitto himself would have been the last to complain, and that he was always sensible that his success had been such as to excite his wonder and gratitude. The causes of his being unprovided for at the close of life are soon told. He began life with nothing, was early the father of a family, and never could save anything. Had he preserved the copyrights of his works he must have been content with much less remuneration, and that his circumstances never allowed. To this must be added his being shut out from all active and business life by his deafness. He was quite unfitted for making the best of his resources, by the physical misfortune which almost closed upon him the living world without; for, although he could speak so as to be understood by his family, strangers found it almost impossible to converse with him. In the fact that Dr. Kitto has left behind him a large family unprovided for we see nothing worthy of blame in any quarter. It has already done good by calling public attention to the merits of a most deserving man, and we hope

this notice will extend and deepen the interest felt in those he has left behind him. The volume is published for the benefit of his widow and children, and if it were even of an inferior description we should hope to assist its circulation by what we have stated. But this biography needs no favour—it is quite worth the money it costs, and cannot fail to gratify those who peruse it.

Dr. Kitto was a member of the Church of England; and, although prevented from joining in much of the service, regularly attended the Communion. He was of a cheerful, and even jovial temper; ready with wit and repartee; a kind and constant friend; and, to those who could converse with him, a highly interesting companion. The details of his inner life were very curious, and many of them are faithfully given in his work on deafness. He received the degree of D.D. from a German university as a mark of respect for his valuable works; and this led to a very common opinion that he was a clergyman. A few years back her Majesty granted him a pension of 100*l.*, only 50*l.* of which has been continued to his family. This is to be regretted, for all the circumstances of his life and his position seem to establish a good claim on behalf of those he has left behind him. On this account we shall be excused if we call the attention of our readers to this volume on benevolent grounds, as it is the only work from which his family can derive advantage. The statement of the circumstances may induce some to purchase the *Life* for themselves, instead of merely having it from a library or a book society.

A few words must suffice as to the execution of their respective tasks by Mr. Ryland and Dr. Eadie. Both these gentlemen laboured under the serious defect of never having been personally acquainted with the subject of their descriptions and eulogy, and it is to be regretted that such was the fact. It is necessary that one should have seen Dr. Kitto at home, conversed with him, and entered somewhat into his society, before he could correctly draw his portrait or convey what he was to others. But, apart from this deficiency, the gentlemen whose names are on the title-page have executed their task with praiseworthy fidelity. We think there is a disproportionate space given to the early life of the subject of the biography, and that too little is said upon his literary labours. But perfection in these matters is not to be hoped for, and in all such criticism we must remember the adage *de gustibus non est disputandum*. Perhaps some little details respecting the poverty of the deceased ought to have been omitted; nor do we think quite a correct impression of Dr. Kitto's position in life, in later years, is conveyed in the volume. He always lived in respectability, and his family was brought up genteelly. His occasional struggles were only such as thousands of clergymen and literary men have to endure, and which they would not like exposed to the public eye. We conclude with an extract or two from the journal we have mentioned; and we are sure our readers will agree with the estimate we have given of its merits—in the circumstances.

At ignominious treatment, at blows, I have suppressed my emotions, my indignation, and my tears, till I have felt myself almost choked: I have felt my heart swell and beat as though it would burst! aye, burst! but not break. I have felt my cheeks burn, my eyes flash fire at evil treatment; but I do not recollect when I wept. I have felt the superiority of genius, which would not allow ignorance to triumph. Hours on hours I have stood aloof from other boys, and, with folded arms, have retired within myself, and lost all sense of externals in the airy regions of fancy and of hope. I have walked hours in the most lonesome lanes I could find, abstracted in melancholy musing. Or, with a book in my hand, I have sat for hours under a tree or hedge reading; sometimes, too, sheltered from observation by a rock, I have sat in contemplation by the river side. At such times I have felt such a melancholy pleasure as I have not known since I have been in the hospital. O Nature, why didst thou create me with feelings such as these? Why didst thou give such a mind to one of my condition? With such things, why was I not born to higher rank? or why didst thou give me those feelings? O blind Goddess Fortune! why didst thou refuse thy favours? Why, O Heaven! didst thou enclose my proud soul within so rough a casket? Yet, pardon my murmurs; I will try to be convinced that "Whatever is, is right." Kind Heaven! endue me with resignation to thy will, and contentment with whatever situation it is thy pleasure I should fill. I am inclined to think of myself as Gray said of himself:

Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
But melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Kitto was greatly indebted to a grandmother for early culture, especially for the care taken of his morals and piety. How successfully she laboured may partly be gathered from his reflections upon her death. The following are fine sentiments for a workhouse lad:—

Even to an indifferent person the sight of a dead person awakens melancholy reflections; but when that person is connected by the nearest ties—oh, then—when I saw the corpse—when I saw that those eyes which had often watched my slumbers, and cast on me looks of affection and love, were closed in sleep eternal—those lips which often had pressed mine, which often had opened to soothe me, tell me tales, and form my infant mind, are pale and motionless for ever! when I saw that those hands which had led, caressed, and fed me, were for ever stiff and motionless—when I saw all this, and felt that it was for ever, guess my feelings, for I cannot describe them. Born to be the sport of fortune, to find sorrow where I hoped for bliss, and to be a mark for the giddy and the gay to shoot at—what I felt at the deprivation of my almost only friend—the reader can better conceive than I can describe. Yet that moment will ever be present to my recollection to the latest period of my existence. Gone for ever! that is the word of agonising poignancy. Yet not for ever—a few short years at most and I may hope to meet her again—there is my consolation. Joyful meeting! yet a little while to bear this

Fond restless dream which Idiots hug,  
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of Life.

and we may meet again. Already I anticipate the moment when, putting off this frail garb of mortality and putting on the robe of immortality, of celestial brightness and splendour, in the presence of our God we may meet again—meet again, never to part—never again to be subject to the frail laws of mortality—to be above the reach of sorrow, temptation, or sickness—to know nought but happiness—celestial happiness and heaven! Accursed be the atheist who seeks to deprive man of his noblest privilege—of his hopes of immortality, of a motive to do good, and degrade him to a level with the beast which browses on the grass of the fields. What were man without this hope! I knelt and prayed for her departed spirit to Him in whose hands are life and death, and that He would endue us with resignation to His decrees, for we know that He had a right to the life which He gave.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Two Episcopal charges are lying before us: the first, *A Charge addressed to the Clergy of the Diocese of Ripon, at the Triennial Visitation in April 1856.* By CHARLES THOMAS LONGLEY, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon (Leeds: Harrison)—the second, *The Right Principle of the Interpretation of Scripture, considered in reference to the Eucharist, and the Doctrines connected therewith: a Charge delivered at the Triennial Visitation of the Province of Dublin.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin (London: Parker and Son.)—The Bishop of Ripon, in his charge, after alluding to the removal by death of many valued clergy of his diocese, instancing particularly that of Archdeacon Headlam, who was also Chancellor of the diocese, and to whose memory he pays a becoming tribute, proceeds to call the attention of his hearers to "some of the questions that most intimately affect the welfare of our people for good or for evil; and through a right appreciation of which we may best advance their spiritual and temporal interests." These are: first, the infrequency of the celebration of the Holy Communion in many churches of the diocese; second, "the recent movement for infringing upon that observance of the Lord's day, which happily has hitherto obtained in this country;" third, "the education of the children of the poor;" fourth, "the exertions to provide the means for increased attendance at Divine worship;" and fifth and last, the anti-Christian tendencies spread abroad among the population, and against which the clergy are expressly appointed to contend. On each of these topics the Bishop has good advice to offer, and, as the subjects embraced are common to other dioceses as well as that of Ripon, we recommend it for perusal to all our clerical readers.—The Archbishop of Dublin's charge is less discursive, being confined to one topic—that being, however, one of paramount interest. Dr. Whately has the gift of plain speaking as thoroughly developed in him as any one living. Other writers would appear to have studied logic solely for the purpose of making what is plain and simple obscure, but with him it has all its legitimate use and force. Sophistry vanishes before him, nor does it need a long while to perceive that, as his intellect is keen, so is his heart honest. The charge before us disposes at once and for ever, as we conceive, to the satisfaction of ingenuous minds, of the erroneous notion that the Churches of England and Rome are at one on the important doctrine of the Eucharist, and we accordingly recommend it most earnestly to all who labour under any doubts upon the subject. As a specimen of the Archbishop's

teaching we select the following portraits of some who have left the Church in which they were born and educated for that of Rome:—"It is a remarkable fact," he says, "that of the persons who have gone over to such a Church, a large proportion are of a character the very opposite to that from which most would have anticipated such a result. They are persons not distinguished by extreme self-distrust, or a tendency to excessive and unreasonable deference and submissiveness, and a readiness on slight grounds to acquiesce in what is said; but in all respects the very opposite of all this: arrogant, self-confident, wilful, indocile, disdainful of any one who opposes their views, and inclined to demand stronger proof of anything they are called on to believe, than the case admits of, or than a reasonable man would require. Yet such persons are found yielding to one of the worst supported claims that ever was set up, and assenting to a long list of most paradoxical propositions, every one of which has a vast mass of evidence against it, and hardly anything that can be called an argument in its favour. The case seems to be, that a reaction takes place in a mind of this description, and the individual rushes with a vehemence that is quite characteristic, from one extreme to the opposite. He is weary of inquiring, discussing, investigating, answering objections, and forming a judgment on a multitude of separate points, and so resolves to cut short at once all this disquieting fatigue by accepting implicitly the decisions on all points, of an authority which demands submission, not on the ground of a conviction of the understanding, but as an act of the will, commanding us to stifle doubts, and shun inquiry, and set evidence at defiance." This is such a true portrait, that we might almost name some of our own acquaintances as having sat for the likeness.

While in the two publications just mentioned we see a Bishop and Archbishop tendering wholesome advice to their clergy, in our next we meet with a Presbyterian soundly rating a Scotch Bishop for alleged false teaching. Dr. Wordsworth is the bishop thus assailed in *Scottish Episcopal Romanism; or, Popery without a Pope: in reply to Bishop Wordsworth's recent lectures on the "Theory and Practice of Christian Unity."* With a copious Appendix on Episcopacy in Scotland. By the Rev. RICHARD HIBBS, M.A., Minister of the United Church of England and Ireland Congregation, Circus Place, Edinburgh (Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie). Our readers are, of course, all aware that the Episcopal Church in Scotland exists only by sufferance—that in the eye of the law it is barely a sect, just like the Independents, Baptists, or any other. They are not aware, however, perhaps of the extreme arrogance of a portion of the Scottish Episcopalian clergy, who seem to have found a fit Corypheus in Dr. Wordsworth. This right rev. prelate takes for his motto "sine Episcopo nulla Ecclesia," a dictum which is proved by Mr. Hibbs to have no foundation in fact, at the same time that he shows it to be quite opposed to the teaching of the Church of England. Mr. Hibbs is himself an Episcopalian, an ordained Presbyterian of the Church of England, and as such he heartily repudiates the semi-Popish doctrines and practices of the so-called Protestant Episcopal Church of Scotland. The reader who is curious to understand the present position of that Church will find much valuable information in the appendix to this little work.

*The Tongue of Fire; or, the true Power of Christianity.* By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M., Author of "A Mission to the Mysore," &c. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—This work contains a devout and eloquent exposition of the work of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, when the disciples "were all with one accord in one place," and "the cloven tongues like as of fire" descended upon them, "and they were all filled with the 'Holy Ghost.'" The author in treating this important subject divides his work into six chapters, as follows:—I. The Promise of a Baptism of Fire. II. The Waiting for the Fulfilment. III. The Fulfilment of the Promise. IV. Effects which immediately followed the Baptism of Fire: Spiritual Effects: Miraculous Effects: Ministerial Effects: Effects upon the World. V. Permanent Benefits resulting to the Church. VI. Practical Lessons." These mere headings of the chapters, however, convey but a feeble idea of the nature of Mr. Arthur's work, and we must, therefore, make room for a brief extract. We take one from the fourth chapter: "Look back to Pentecost. See Christianity at her first step raising up her army by thousands. She seeks not the wilderness; she seeks not the few; she affects not little, dispersed, and hidden groups. In the sight of Jerusalem, in the sight of the world, she starts as the religion of the multitude—the religion of fathers and mothers, of traders, landowners, widows, persons of all classes and of all occupations. She takes in her hand, at the very first moment, an earnest of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue, of every grade and age, as if to expand for ever the expectations of her disciples, and impress us with the joyful faith that her practical redemption was for the multitudes of men. In the case of the converts of Pentecost we are struck first with the suddenness of their conviction, then with the sharpness of it, and then with the permanence of the result. When the humble fisherman began to preach, many

who had witnessed the miracle were mocking; none had become saints; perhaps not a man in the crowd believed in the mediation of Christ, or in any other of the great doctrines of the Gospel. They were adverse—not to say dogged—and, on system, enemies. His words were strangely edged: a sword went through the very souls of these men—a sword which told to the consciousness that he who wielded it was the Unseen and the Almighty. As if the whole of life were recalled, as if eternity had pressed itself with all its weight into one moment, processes of thought that would have required long, long meditation, and yet longer description, flashed and re flashed across the soul; and the man found himself a sinner in the midst of his own sins, accused by the past, menaced by the future, overwhelmed, confounded, discovered, and unable to wrestle against the one thought, 'What must I do to be saved?' As it would be impossible to deny the force of such utterances as these, we cordially recommend Mr. Arthur's volume.

*Millennial Studies; or, what saith the Scripture concerning the Kingdom and Advent of Christ?* By the Rev. W. P. LYONS, B.A., Tunbridge Wells (London: Ward and Co.)—is a series of papers which appeared originally in the *Evangelical Magazine*, and which are now rearranged and partly rewritten. They are intended as an answer to the several theories recently put forth with respect to the nature of the Millennium, and the period of its advent. The author examines principally the writings of the Rev. T. Birks and the Rev. H. Bonar on the subject, "as the ablest exponents of Millenarianism;" but in an appendix he deals also with Dr. Cumming's work entitled "The End"—fully exposing the pretensions and inconsistencies of that trashy publication.

*Discourses on Special Occasions, and Miscellaneous Papers.* By C. VAN SANTVOORD. (New York: Dodd, London: Trübner and Co.)—Mr. Van Santvoord, it will be necessary to inform our readers, is minister of the Reformed Dutch Church of Saugerties, New York, and a learned and accomplished man. The discourses here published are not all on purely religious subjects. One treats of John Quincy Adams and his character, another of Henry Clay, another of Dickens and his philosophy, another of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and so forth. All are, however, of a religious tendency, and the Christian teacher is never sunk in the mere literary man. It would be unjust not to add that Mr. Van Santvoord shows much discrimination as a critic, and is frequently eloquent, as will be at once seen by reading his discourse on "The Incomparableness of the Holy Scriptures."

We class together *Eight Prayers*, by the late Rev. JAMES HARRINGTON EVANS, of John-street Chapel, Bedford-row (London: Judd and Glass); *Prayers for Families*, by the Rev. SAMUEL KING, M.A., Vicar of Cantley, with an Introduction by the Rev. JOHN KING, M.A. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.); and *A Manual of Prayers for the Use of Schools* (Oxford and London: Parkers).—The *Eight Prayers* were taken down in shorthand as delivered by Mr. Evans, and are exceedingly fervent. The *Prayers for Families* will be found "plain, simple, Scriptural, and adapted to the common wants and feelings of mankind." Of the Manual for Schools it will be a sufficient recommendation to state that it is compiled chiefly from such approved authors as Andrewes, Wilson, Ken, Cosin, Sherlock, Jeremy Taylor, Hale, and Spinkes. All three are inexpensive publications.

*Questions on the Lives of the Patriarchs, embracing the Book of Genesis.* By the Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D., Author of "The Student's Guide." Revised by the Rev. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A. (London: Knight and Son)—will be found a useful book by Sabbath-school teachers.

## SCIENCE.

*Familiar Astronomy.* By HANNAH M. BOUVIER. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. London: Trübner and Co.

We have here, from the pen of a lady, an attempt, and in some degree a successful one, to supply a want which most decidedly exists in the educational world, namely, a treatise adapted for the use of schools, on those portions of astronomy, and those facts connected with celestial phenomena, which should be familiar to every one claiming to be considered a person of education. We by no means consider Miss Bouvier's work to be faultless, and especially the part devoted to Physical Astronomy seems (as in an elementary treatise it almost of necessity must) to us to be meagre and unsatisfactory; but we feel convinced that no one can, without profit, consult those portions which she has devoted to Descriptive and Practical Astronomy. The *Astronomical Dictionary* (a new feature in such works) is especially valuable.

Quotations from such a work are generally out of place; but we shall, nevertheless, make an exception to this rule in favour of a note bearing upon a subject which has recently caused much semi-discussion in the scientific world, namely, the moon's rotation.



Place a terrestrial globe, or any other body, upon the centre of a round table, and stand looking at it with your back to the fire; then move round the table, keeping your face constantly towards the globe on the middle of the table, and you will find that when you have been once round the table you will also have made your body turn once round upon itself, for your back is again towards the fire. If you had pinned one end of a long thread to your back before you started to go round the table, and had tied its other end to the poker in the chimney corner, you would find that you had wound the thread once round your person when you had completed your revolution round the table. In the same manner does the moon revolve round the earth, keeping the same side always turned towards us. Thus, it must rotate once upon its axis when it has completed one sidereal revolution round the earth.

We do not anticipate that the above illustration will convert Mr. Jellinger Symons (or his disciples, if he has any), for he is possibly not open to conviction; but it cannot fail to confirm others in their opinion that his position is, to use the mildest expression, untenable.

#### Prize Essay on the Prevention of the Smoke Nuisance.

By CHARLES WYE WILLIAMS. London: J. Weale.

THIS essay is the result of the twenty-five pounds gold medal offered by the Council of the Society of Arts, for the best essay on the means of preventing the nuisance of smoke arising from fires and furnaces. Mr. Williams divides his subject into ten distinct heads, all of which he treats in the most full and satisfactory manner. He shows clearly that the legislative requirement that furnaces should consume their own smoke is absurd, because smoke cannot be entirely consumed. An approximate consumption is all that can be effected, seeing that only a part of the component parts of smoke is combustible. The essay will doubtless excite great attention among all who feel interested in the question.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*The Oxonian in Norway.* By the Rev. F. METCALFE, M.A. London: Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough-street.

It is always pleasant to meet with a travelling companion like *The Oxonian in Norway*, especially when he greets us at so opportune a season as the opening of the long vacation—a time when the migratory instinct seems to take possession of all classes of Englishmen, and the desire to yield to it becomes almost invincible.

In these two entertaining volumes Mr. Metcalfe gives us the results of his Norwegian experience in the summers of 1854 and the following year. He does not profess, like that excellent statistical writer Laing, to afford the reader a full insight into the agricultural, political, and social life of Norway; neither does he pretend to rival Professor Forbes in scientific or geographical descriptions of that interesting country. He takes a different course altogether. He leaves to others the task of giving a systematic and elaborate account of the people, their customs and institutions, and throws aside political disquisitions and controversial arguments altogether. To adopt nearly his own language, he takes his fishing-rod in hand, or flings his gun across his shoulder, and sets forth on each day's excursion, now chatting with the people, now plucking flowers in the woods, now musing over the wonderful and wild scenery; and as he pursues this free, but by no means always easy, life, so "are the thoughts and incidents of the moment set down in the order that they occurred, the starch of conventionalism being entirely forgotten."

Mr. Metcalfe confesses, at the outset of his book, that, after having trodden nearly all the beaten paths of tourists, his old haunts in Scandinavia still possess for him irresistible attractions. A friend of his, he says, after travelling the length and breadth of central Europe, took it into his head one summer to explore Norway. That was five years ago; and since then every summer has found him in the same place—a fact which (as our Oxonian says) certainly speaks volumes for the amusement to be found in that country. Still it must be admitted that what seems such excellent amusement and "capital fun" to men of the healthy robust frames, enduring exertions, and invincible spirits of our Oxonian and his companions, may not appear so to less adventurous wanderers; and we would warn any sedate middle-aged Paterfamilias, who may be bitten with the piscatorial mania—any comfortable citizen of the "Mr. Briggs" type (in short)—to beware how he encounters the perils of a Norwegian sporting excursion, or he may

afford another splendid series of subjects for the inimitable pencil of John Leech in the next number of *Punch*.

Mr. Metcalfe warns his readers that, if they must sleep in a good hotel every night, and sit down to a *table d'hôte* every day, then by all means to avoid Norway. In the whole country, which has a coast some two thousand miles long, there are not a half a dozen hotels out of the modern capital, Christiania. If you make up your mind to a vacation trip to Scandinavia, you must also make up your mind emphatically to "rough it." You must be prepared to find beds (when you can get them) generally too short, the sheets neither the finest nor the cleanest, and, what is more, so scanty in their dimensions that you will find your limbs not unfrequently in disagreeable proximity to an undressed coverlet of calf or reindeer skin.

But, on the other hand, if you are prepared to submit to all these little inconveniences with the genial, hearty spirit shown by our traveller, here are the strong inducements and rich rewards he offers you.

If you are a lover of wild and savage nature, whether as sketcher, botanist, geologist, or sportsman, especially the last, then by all means go to Norway. You will have a regular shooting-coat life of it; no conventional bother, no fuss about external appearances, and you will meet with much that goes to the heart of an adventurous Englishman. Of course you will have to rough it, to live on the simplest fare; but you will soon rise superior to all these petty drawbacks. Think of catching big trouts and char, bigger than ever you saw in England, and nothing to pay for the sport. No subscription ticket to be purchased, no water-bailiff at your heels, or competing anglers to disturb the holes you are coming to. Think, too, of the intense pleasure of an exciting contest with a salmon in the tearing rapids of a Norwegian Elv; old fox-hunters tell me that they prefer it to the hounds in full cry. Then, again, the waterfalls!—waterfalls that really deserve the name—not your Staubbachs, which, after toiling for miles to see, you find not worth the journey. Or, would you like to try your hand at the noble capercailzie, the black cock, the mountain and wood ptarmigan, not to mention your chance of bringing down a reindeer, or a bear, or a wolf, and nobody to say you nay. Or, maybe you would like, just for the fun of the thing, to light your cigar with a burning-glass at midnight.

Ye who love the beauty of nature,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rushing of great rivers  
Through the palisades of pine-trees,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in the eyries.

To such people I am speaking. Remember, too, that this is the country of men whose blood flows in your veins, to whom, perhaps, we owe the best and most adventurous part of our character—the Viking spirit which makes us masters of the sea, and which we should utterly have wanted had Saxon slowness received no infusion of Scandinavian daring. Besides which, last not least, you will have no trouble about passports. No insulting Austrian official will step in and turn you back if your papers are not *en règle*. And so you had better do as I did, put yourself on board the good ship Courier, Capt. Daniel Fairburn commander, as worthy a fellow and skilful a seaman as ever crossed the North Sea, and start from Hull on the evening of any Friday in the summer.

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Metcalfe's hearty animated style of writing, which, while it never violates good taste by the least approach to coarseness, equally avoids on the other hand the "twaddle" of mere sentimentality or fine writing.

On his arrival at Christiania he found the city full of excitement, from the expected visit of the King and the Crown Prince. These, however, were not sufficient attractions to detain an enthusiastic lover of nature like our author. He briefly notices the Schloss, or Royal Palace, and the Museum of Natural History in the University building, and then, impatient to be off, hastens to the well-known Mr. Bennett of Christiania, whom he finds beset, as usual, by a bevy of our countrymen who had arrived by the same steamer. This Mr. Bennett must be an invaluable personage to all tourists and sportsmen. Formerly an Oxford undergraduate, Mr. Bennett has now taken up his permanent abode at Christiania, where he discharges the various functions of clerk at the British chapel, assistant at the Consulship, and general agent. There are no public coaches in Norway; so, if a stranger wishes to travel, he must buy or hire a small gig called a cariole. Formerly it was by no means easy to procure one at a moment's notice; but now, "do you want a cariole and harness, and leather cases for your brandy, or brandy itself,

or dog sacks, or what not, Mr. Bennett is your man. Hey presto! and off you start, all fully equipped, you engaging to pay him one third of the whole value of the vehicle on your return at the end of three months."

Thanks to Mr. Bennett, our traveller and his friends are soon provided with all that they desire, and lose no time in starting off at once for Bergen. From thence through the province of Hadeland and the district of Valdees, Mr. Metcalfe arrived at Gudvangen, "the heart of the grandest scenery in Norway:"—

I can recall nothing in Switzerland or the Pyrenees (he says) to match it. And then what a witching hour for seeing it! None of your gay beams of light—some day to flout it and roast us. Just sufficiently below the horizon not to hide the main features of the view, the sun dressed the objects around as it were in a gauze of violet hue. No language either of the pen or the brush can bring out the peculiar beauty of these scenes. . . . Sheer precipices, two thousand feet high, grim and threatening, fit haunts for the mighty Jotul of Scandinavian mythology, by the side of which "a tall amiral" would have been dwarfed to a cock-boat; the waterfalls bursting from the mountain tops, and seeming in the shadow like gigantic columns of silver, standing immovably fixed on a plain of emerald; the recesses of the fjord growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance until they are swallowed up in the narrowing gorges.

Whilst at Fosmoen, Mr. Metcalfe had the honour of "assisting," as the French say, at a grand rural wedding party, the whole of which, up to the culminating point of all, the gigantic feast that crowns the ceremony, is most humorously and admirably described.

One of our Oxonian's chief inducements in visiting Norway was, as he says in the preface of his book, to gratify his ardent love of fly-fishing. The Malanger Fall must have afforded him an amount of sport rarely to be met with indeed, and such as to make the neighbourhood well worthy of being termed by him "grand fishing quarters," when salmon of nearly 40lbs. were not uncommon. It is somewhat curious, but until John Bull invaded the country the Norwegians were utterly ignorant of the art of fly-fishing. Mr. Metcalfe tells us that a friend of his, some time ago, was whipping for trout in a stream four miles from Bergen—

Absorbed in his occupation, he hooked and landed a good fish, without perceiving that a number of spectators had appeared upon the scene. A corpse was being carried to its last resting place in the village churchyard close by, when the mourners, describing a stranger catch fish in a way to them so wonderful, had with one consent halted on the bridge, and were watching his motions with intense interest and anything but lugubrious countenances.

In the second volume occurs a very graphic description of Norwegian church-going. Our author was then staying at Foshangen, a lone farmstead in the midst of the forest, not far from the Malanger Falls; so one Tuesday he took horse and, accompanied by his landlord, rode a dozen miles down the valley to church. When they reached the House of God, it was evident, from the number of horses grazing near, that the congregation had already assembled. The church itself was large and of the octagon form so general in Norway, and inside and out built of pine logs. The body of the church, as well as the galleries, were filled with a motley congregation. On the south side sat the Norwegian bonders in their sober grey suits; on the north, their wives and daughters; for in religious as well as social assemblies the sexes are in general separated. Lower down the aisle and in the galleries were the diminutive Laps in dingy flannel blouses, relieved by red and yellow edgings. Fin women too were there, conspicuous from the quaint form and gaiety of their head-gear. Here too were the blue eyes and fair hair of the descendants of the Vikings; there the gleaming deep-set orbs, high cheekbones, and wild elf-locks of the inferior race, some watching the service with a strange mixture of curiosity and fanaticism, others glaring round so wildly and fiercely that one might fancy they would draw their long knives and set up a wild war-whoop. The traveller was received with every mark of politeness; a seat was given him and a prayer-book immediately handed to him. The singing was anything but harmonious or impressive; but the sermon, which was extempore, made a deep impression not only on the congregation, but on our author also. He gives an account of it at some length; but for our present purpose it is enough to remark that it was sound, practical, forcibly delivered, and well cal-

culated to rivet the attention of the simple-minded audience.

Much injury to the spread of Christianity amongst the Laps has arisen from the fanaticism of a priest named Lestadius, who, by his preaching, and the aid afforded him by the misplaced enthusiasm of his daughter, succeeded in working the minds of the people up to the highest pitch of virulence and bigotry. The result was, that after some conflicts with the Government, a religious *émeute* ensued, which three years ago terminated in an outbreak of such bloodshed and violence as to call for the most severe punishment of the law. The ringleaders were guillotined, and the rest of those who were implicated in these savage and disgraceful proceedings were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The story of this singular movement and its melancholy results is told with considerable power. The fifth chapter of the second volume gives a very interesting account of the religious character and tendencies of Scandinavia, and it is not a little curious to find that one of the most popular books in the cottages of the poor in Norway is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

To change "from grave to gay," our readers will find a most amusing series of sketches of character in the description Mr. Metcalfe gives of his voyage northward from Tronish, in the Gyller steamer. The ancient beau, the Hamburg Senator, and the Danish magnifico, the man who had "shot a bear and bought a pointer in Regent-street," are capitally hit off, and exhibit considerable powers in comic writing.

We regret that want of space compels us to be brief in our remaining observations. What we have already said will, however, sufficiently indicate the general character of Mr. Metcalfe's book. We are taken through a succession of magnificent views and scenery, very different to that gazed on by the tourist who has only travelled on the beaten tracks of Europe; and every mountain gorge, rushing torrent, or romantic valley, is painted with a free, vigorous, manly hand, that thoroughly effects its purpose, and brings the whole scene, as it were, bodily before the reader's eye. We have excursions, now with the rod, now with the gun, not always in quest of trout or salmon, ptarmigan or black-cock, but sometimes after nobler game, such as the bear, the reindeer, or the walrus, and all told with a degree of life and spirit that carries us with unflagging interest from one adventure to another, and makes us quite understand what our author's feelings were when he wrote the last sentence of his last chapter—"We had but one regret at the conclusion of our trip—that we were no longer in Scandinavia."

The strong good sense and temper, the disposition to enjoy all he could and make the best of everything, are points in the "Oxonian's" character that every traveller would do well to copy.

Mr. Metcalfe is, however, not merely an enthusiastic sportsman; he is also a scholar and a man of observation. He seems to have thoroughly learnt the art of seeing, and, having done so, is enabled by a species of mental daguerreotype process, to transfer his impressions accurately to the mind of the reader. This is a great recommendation in itself, but it is considerably enhanced when the writer is endowed with the true love of nature, genial temper, and thorough *bonhomie* evidently possessed by the author of *The Oxonian in Norway*.

*Stars and Stripes; or, American Impressions.* By IVAN GOLOVIN. London: W. Freeman. New York: Appleton and Co. ("Transatlantic Library.") 1856.

THIS volume contains the results of a tour through the United States undertaken last year by M. Ivan Golovin. It is a journal, recast into the form of letters to the friends of the author. As the observations of a vigorous, though not always very delicate mind, these notes have a value of their own; and if we sometimes do not exactly agree with M. Golovin in the opinions which he expresses, we are generally pleased with the picturesque raciness of his style, and the dashing fearlessness with which he grapples with all problems, moral, social, or scientific. Occasionally there is a suddenness in some of his criticisms which renders them amusing, if not admissible. Thus we find that "Liverpool is a fine city, but the circumstance of its owing its wealth to negro trade cooled somewhat my admiration." On the voyage, "somebody noticed that there was too much of water between the two continents; that some land on the way would make the voyage more pleasant; and that it was a mistake of the Almighty not having made something else but these eternal gloomy waves which recall chaos. I

endeavoured to state that, if the globe were heavier, it could not obey so well the laws of rotation." We wish we could quote the explanation given by M. Golovin of the paleness of the American ladies: of their social manners, he says, "they behave towards strangers with a rigid stiffness, which turns into an excessive familiarity, as soon as one gets acquainted with them." M. Golovin is of opinion that the best of "Yankee notions" are Yankee drinks; and though he prefers claret-cobblers to sherry-cobblers, he holds champagne cocktail to be "the way of spoiling champagne by means of German bitter." Philadelphia is "not a Sodom like New York." A young lady proposed to M. Golovin, and he accepted her; "but some days afterwards she lost her mother, and I heard nothing more of her." We quote M. Golovin's definition of an American, and so take leave of him: "I may tell you that an American is an Englishman who wears a beard without moustache; an intoxicated Britisher who keeps his feet in the air, speaks through his nose, and spits over people's heads—who aims at money-making, little caring about such a trifle as respectability."

## FICTION.

### THE NEW NOVELS.

*Hertha.* By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London: A. Hall and Co. 8vo. pp. 394.

*Young Singleton.* By TALBOT GWYNNE, Author of "School for Fathers," &c. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 8vo. pp. 600.

*Eveleen.* By E. L. C. BERWICK, Author of "The Dwarf," &c. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 8vo. pp. 900.

THIS is almost a blank time in the Row. Publishers suspend the production of books, as if they thought the world had suddenly ceased to read. We could never understand the policy of this, and we believe it to be a mistake. In fact, there is a great deal more reading, of novels especially, at this time than during what is called "the season." Then the pleasures of town occupy every hour, and leave no leisure for books. The opera, the ball, the gaieties out of doors from April to July, absorb the thoughts of one part of the community, and profitable ministering to their pleasures engages the attention of the rest, so that there is little reading then. But when the London season has closed, and all who can afford to do so, and too many who cannot, rush away to watering places or country seats, or even upon foreign travel, books, and especially novels, are in eager demand to dispel the ennui that follows the cessation of excitement, and to fill up the hours that drag so tediously along. This, therefore, is the season of all others to excite the attention of the out-of-town public to a new novel, and instead of a lull in publication, a prudent publisher would choose this very period for the production of his stores. This should be his season, because it is not the London season.

We have had occasion to remark, more than once the prevailing prejudices on this subject. We, who live in London, are liable to think of London as if it was the world: we almost forget that there is a world out of London, many times bigger than our own metropolitan hive, which has wants and tastes that are to be consulted and cared for; that this outside world has not "a season;" that it is at home, though London is abroad; and that the shutting up of Belgravia is not the closing of the British isles, but only the transfer of some of the tenants of the metropolis into other parts of the country, which are in season, because London is out of season, and this country season is as desirous for books to come in as is the London season to exclude them.

In obedience to this mistaken fashion, we have a short list of fiction to report upon, just when there should be the longest. Only six volumes in all, and none remarkable. Miss Bremer's name will of course attract the reader to *Hertha*. But we regret to say that he will very soon be repelled from it, for he will not have perused many pages before he will discover that it is wanting in all the qualities that conferred such wide and well-deserved popularity on Miss Bremer's former fictions. Her simplicity has been exchanged for the most unpleasant affectations—her clearness of language for a mystical style, half American, half German. Miss Bremer has written *Hertha*, not to portray manners and character, but to maintain a theory which she imbibed during her residence in the United States, and which is there very popular, as to woman's mission. Miss Bremer has made

up her mind that the social condition of woman is a great grievance; that man ought not to be the master; that woman should share dominion with him, and be an independent personage, exercising political rights, and we presume, as a corollary, making laws. *Hertha* is the strong-minded woman whose career illustrates this philosophy, to which we scarcely expected to find so shrewd a convert as Miss Bremer. But, as is usual, the philosophy has spoiled the fiction. It is not pleasant reading in either aspect. A tale constructed with an argumentative purpose cannot be natural, yet nature was the charm of Miss Bremer's former novels. She has put fetters upon her own genius, and she cannot carry them easily. *Hertha* will never attain in this country the popularity won by its predecessors, and it does not deserve to do so, for it is not worthy of them, and not even the elegance of Mary Howitt's translation will carry it into favour here, however it may be applauded in America, whence its inspiration was derived.

Talbot Gwynne's forte is the portraiture of rural life. He is at home in the country house and with country people. He has not caught the dialect merely of the peasantry: he understands their ways of thought, and, instead of a clown uttering the ideas of a gentleman in the vernacular of the cottage, as is the usual practice with novelists, his labourers are such in soul as in expression. His descriptions are picturesque, drawn with a firm, bold hand, and there is an unflagging cheerfulness which imparts itself to the reader and carries him to the end, without desire to skip a single page.

In *Young Singleton* he has ventured beyond his original sphere, and instead of a mere story he has constructed a formal fiction, tracing the fortunes of his hero from his youth upwards, and designing to read a lesson on the evil consequences of indulging vanity. *Young Singleton* is a half-caste, born in India, losing his mother, and sent to England to be nurtured. He is sickly, is sent early to school, and there subjected to the usual mortifications of a conceited young gentleman who has not learned that others are as good as himself, and will prove themselves to be so in a fashion very disagreeable to spoiled or neglected lads. The same weakness and the same punishment of it attends him at college and in after life. He is incessantly tortured by envy and jealousy of others, although possessing great abilities himself, and favoured by fortune. He is unlucky in a love affair. He quarrels with his best friend because he has a stronger frame, more generosity, and had married a girl he had once been friendly with. This produces the catastrophe, which we will not narrate, for the reader should seek it for himself. Mingled with the main story are many romantic and some supernatural incidents, which are so well told that they will be forgiven even by critical readers. Altogether Mr. Gwynne may be congratulated on the progress he is making.

*Eveleen* is a romantic story, and sufficiently improbable to charm young ladies lounging by the sea-side. It is a tale of poisoning, or attempt to poison, with a sufficiency of disappointments, despairs, difficulties, sickness and sadness, passion and poetry, to keep the attention awake through the three volumes. But we cannot praise it as a work of art. Tried critically, it will not endure the test, for it is unduly expanded, the characters are indistinct, and the dialogues so diluted with mere talk that half of them might be expunged with advantage. The incident of the poisoning is better told than any other, the scene being suggested by recent trials.

*Eveleen* tells her own story. How she lived with her uncle, a widower, having a family, managing his house until he married again; and how she protected her cousins against their step-mother (who is the conventional, and not the real one); and how she fell in love with a nameless young man whom she met at a watering-place, and helped her cousin Mary to fall in love with his friend, and how her lover proves to be a lord—all in the true novelist fashion, but like nothing out of a book—will be found here set down at inordinate length, interspersed with divers unnecessary dialogues, full to overflowing with preachments on all kinds of themes which the reader could well spare; for nobody reads novels for the sake of any wisdom in them, but for the sake of amusement, as a pastime. The authors should remember this when she writes again, for she is undoubtedly clever, and has the capacity to write a good work of fiction if she will bethink herself that, in this office at least, she is not a preacher but a painter.



*Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp.* By HARRIET BECHER STOWE. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1856.

THE secret of the extraordinary success which attended the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" lay in the directness with which it conveyed the sympathies and feelings of a most sensitive and womanly mind into the hearts of all who could feel for the woes of others. There was no reasoning about the matter, still less any long digressive sermons, tending to show that such and such was the author's opinions. When anything was to be proved the action sufficed to prove it. When it was intended to show that slavery was hateful, it was not done by A. B. and C., but by exposing its hateful effects upon the flesh and blood creations which genius evoked upon the stage. The great art of the book was its perfect artlessness, its exact fidelity to nature. You found yourself in a certain world, and surrounded by certain people, and you were irresistibly drawn to the conclusions which the author would you to arrive at by the absolute reality of the persons who were acting out the argument. Moreover, there was an utter absence of affectation, of that preaching above the subject which is the mortal fault of almost all principle-novels, and also of all desire to make converts, which rendered the book completely pleasing as well as completely convincing. You believed what Mrs. Stowe said, not because she said it, but because her characters proved it. You felt nothing of the presence of the strong-minded woman, raucously delivering iron arguments with the air of a Plato in petticoats. It was the heart and not the intellect that led you, and when you coincided with the argument you said not, "Thou reasonest well," but—you wept.

Now, if the presence of all these qualities made "Uncle Tom's Cabin" an admirable work of art, the absence of them all renders *Dred* precisely the reverse—renders it a work in every respect condemnable, and which would certainly be universally condemned were it not that the brilliance of one great success always blinds the eyes of many men to the defects of subsequent efforts. If *Dred* had been the first of Mrs. Stowe's works we should probably have never heard of her, and her name would have been a scoff in the slave-holding states, instead of a word of power. Such a work would not have been tolerated in England from any authorship under the rank of a countess; and Paternoster-row knows what trash we have tolerated from countesses, and still must tolerate in the days to come.

The great, perhaps the sole fault in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was its tendency to methodism—to an over-fondness for texts of Scripture upon all occasions, in season and out of season, and a weakness for doggerel hymns. This fault, pardonable amid a host of beauties, stands out fearfully exaggerated and unredeemed by one single beauty in *Dred*. Lop off the sermons, the "improvements" upon texts, and the hymns, and you shorten the book by at least one third. It is the negroes who are constantly quoting these texts, the negroes who are ever singing these hymns. If we are to believe Mrs. Stowe, these Africans would, every one of them, be a credit to the most sonorous Ebenezer in New England. Uneducated slaves! Why put any one of them into a suit of black and a white kerchief round his neck, and he will beat the most blatant Stiggins of them all. Let us not be accused of scoffing at religion. To our apprehension, this is not religion, and therefore it is that we scoff at it. It is canting and nothing more, and if Mrs. Stowe admires it and thinks it right, then all we have got to say is that our experience of free blacks and of free white men of the labouring classes teaches us that there is very little of this methodism among them, and we wonder therefore that Mrs. Stowe can object to slavery when it appears that that is the only form of life under which such phenomena are possible.

We shall not attempt to describe the plot of *Dred* with anything like exactness. In fact, there is no real plot. The leading outline to be filled up is the old story of slaves being very happy under a good owner, and very miserable under a bad one. The good owner is a young boarding-school flirt, one Miss Nina Gordon, the leading characteristic of whose goodness is a faculty for engaging herself to three gentlemen at once. What a falling off is here from that saintlike child Eva—a creature of fiction comparable only to that other saint-child "Little Nell!" The brother of this ringleted young flirt is the Legree

of the story, Tom Gordon, who, upon the death of his sister, comes in for the estate and "fixins." Counterpart to Uncle Tom there is none, unless we amalgamate Tiff and the hero of the story, "Dred." But the last is, after all, only a shadowy personage; there is no reality about him: he is a runaway slave, living in a swamp, and the author attempts to give him the magnificent proportions of an ancient prophet.

He was a tall black man, of magnificent stature and proportions. His skin was intensely black, and polished like marble. A loose shirt of red flannel, which opened very wide at the breast, gave a display of a neck and chest of herculean strength. The sleeves of the shirt, rolled up nearly to the shoulders, showed the muscles of a gladiator. The head, which rose with an imperial air from the broad shoulders, was large and massive, and developed with equal force both in the reflective and perceptive department. The perceptive organs jutted like dark ridges over the eyes, while that part of the head which phrenologists attribute to the moral and intellectual sentiments rose like an ample dome above them. The large eyes had that peculiar and solemn effect of unfathomable blackness and darkness which is often a striking characteristic of the African eye. But there burned in them, like tongues of flame in a black pool of naphtha, a subtle and restless fire, that betokened habitual excitement to the verge of insanity. If any organs were predominant in the head, they were those of ideality, wonder, veneration, and firmness; and the whole combination was such as might have formed one of the wild old warrior prophets of the heroic ages. He wore a fantastic sort of turban, apparently of an old scarlet shawl, which added to the outlandish effect of his appearance. His nether-garments, of coarse negro-cloth, were girdled round the waist by a strip of scarlet flannel, in which was thrust a bowie-knife and hatchet. Over one shoulder he carried a rifle, and a shot-pouch was suspended to his belt. A rude game-bag hung upon his arm. Wild and startling as the apparition might have been, it appeared to be no stranger to Harry; for, after the first moment of surprise, he said, in a tone of familiar recognition, in which there was blended somewhat of awe and respect: "O, it is you, then, Dred! I did not know that you were hearing me!" "Have I not heard?" said the speaker, raising his arm, and his eyes gleaming with wild excitement. "How long wilt thou halt between two opinions? Did not Moses refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter? How long wilt thou cast in thy lot with the oppressors of Israel, who say unto thee, 'Bow down, that we may walk over thee?' Shall not the Red Sea be divided? Yea, saith the Lord, it shall!"

This is the sort of talk which is invariably in Dred's mouth; nevertheless, admitting the possibility of a negro holding such language, there is a certain grandeur about the scene of his death. He has been hunted in the swamp, and the fugitives who share his refuge are waiting for him.

Towards sunset a rustling was heard in the branches of the oak, and Dred dropped down into the inclosure, wet, and soiled, and wearied. All gathered round him in a moment. "Where is Jim?" said Harry. "Slain!" said Dred. "The archers pressed him sore, and he hath fallen in the wilderness." There was a general exclamation of horror. Dred made a movement to sit down on the earth. He lost his balance, and fell; and they all saw now, what at first they had not noticed, a wound in his breast, from which the blood was welling. His wife fell by his side with wild moans of sorrow. He lifted his hand, and motioned her from him. "Peace!" he said, "peace! It is enough. Behold, I go unto the witnesses who cry day and night." The circle stood around him in mute horror and surprise. Clayton was the first who had presence of mind to kneel and stanch the blood. Dred looked at him, his calm large eyes filled with supernatural light. "All over!" he said. He put his hand calmly to his side and felt the gushing blood. He took come in his hand, and threw it upwards, crying out with wild energy, in the words of an ancient prophet, "Oh, earth, earth, earth! Cover thou not my blood!" Behind the dark barrier of the woods the sun was setting gloriously. Piles of loose floating clouds, which all day long had been moving through the sky in white and silvery stillness, now one after another took up the rosy flush, and became each one a light-bearer, filled with ethereal radiance. And the birds sang on as they ever sing, untroubled by the great wail of human sorrow. It was evident to the little circle that He who was mightier than the kings of the earth was there. And that that splendid frame, which had so long rejoiced in the exuberance of health and strength, was now to be resolved again into the eternal elements. "Harry," he said, "lay me beneath the heap of witness. Let the God of their fathers judge between us."

In reading *Dred* we are constantly reminded of its predecessor, and the comparison is never favourable to the former. Here is a poor pendant for the immortal Topsy:

Tomtit was, in his way, a great character in the mansion. He and his mother were the property of Mrs. Nesbit. His true name was no less respectable

and methodical than that of Thomas; but, as he was one of those restless and effervescent spirits who seem born for the confusion of quiet people, Nina had rechristened him Tomtit, which *soubriquet* was immediately recognised by the whole household as being eminently descriptive and appropriate. A constant ripple and eddy of drollery seemed to pervade his whole being; his large, saucy, black eyes had always a laughing fire in them that it was impossible to meet without a smile in return, slave and property though he was; yet the first sentiment of reverence for any created being seemed still wholly unawakened in his curly pate. Breezy, idle, careless, flighty as his woodland namesake, life seemed to him only a repressed and pent-up ebullition of animal enjoyment; and almost the only excitement of Mrs. Nesbit's quiet life was her chronic controversy with Tomtit. Forty or fifty times a day did the old body assure him "that she was astonished at his conduct;" and as many times would he reply by showing the whole set of his handsome teeth on the broad grin, wholly inconsiderate of the state of despair into which he thus reduced her.

Enough of this story, and of the personages who compose it. Of course everybody will read it, because Mrs. Stowe has made, by her first work, that kind of reputation for herself, that everybody must read what she writes; but we shall be very much surprised if nine persons out of ten, after reading it, or rather attempting to do so, do not vote it, as we do, unreadable.

The truth of the matter is, that Mrs. Stowe has been spoiled by being petted. Unconsciously she wrote a great book, because she was guided only by her feelings; now that she has attempted to reason, and has sat down with the intention of doing something tremendous, she has failed miserably. So long as she was unknown she was truly great, natural, unfettered, welling over with human sympathies; but fashion and the world have changed her. What with the Quakers and Stafford House, Mr. Cropper and Lord Shaftesbury, she has been taught to believe that it is her woman's place to reason and to sermonise. And thus it is that, having been once a true child of genius, she has come to be a very commonplace woman.

*Sketches of English Character.* By Mrs. GORE. London: Ward and Lock.

ALTHOUGH the authoress characterises these sketches as "too slight for severe criticism," they are not so slight as to be passed over with the mass of attempts at portraying and estimating social life which every literary fribble appears to deem himself competent to make. Mrs. Gore has studied human nature to some purpose, and knows how to communicate the results of her observations in a chatty and agreeable spirit. From among the varied and amusing contents of this little volume we may select the sketches of the Chaperon and Debutante, the Linkman, the Body-Coachman, and the Travelled Man, and class them among the best things of the kind we have ever met with.

*Wonderful People.* By Horace Mayhew. (London: Ward and Lock.)—As these comic sketches have already appeared in various periodicals, principally in the pages of our facetious cotemporary *Punch*, we have only to announce that they are here collected in a neat little volume, handsomely printed, and decorated with well-executed engravings.

*Men of the Hour.* By Angus B. Reach. (London: Ward and Lock.)—A volume of the same genus as the preceding, yet "with a difference;" for Mr. Reach is a writer who seems to us to have a deeper insight into human nature, and a far richer and more philosophical mind, than most of the gentlemen who give themselves up to the composition of comic trifles.

Alexandre Dumas' *Cardinal Mazarin* has been translated for the "Parlour Library." If, indeed, he is the author, and not merely the editor, as some say, his power is marvellous, for he has lost none of the spirit that pervades his earlier works. Here he appears as sparkling as ever, although the story is not quite so intricate and ingenious as some that he has invented; still it is by far the most attractive addition that has been lately made to the "Parlour Library."

Mr. Bayle St. John's *Maretime*, which appeared in "Chambers's Journal," pleasing much at first, but falling off sadly towards the close, has been published complete in one volume in Chapman and Hall's "Select Library of Fiction."

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*England in time of War.* By SYDNEY DOBELL, Author of "Balder" and "The Roman." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

ABOUT three years ago we reviewed a very extraordinary work entitled "Balder," the author

of which concealed his real name under the assumed one of Sydney Yendys. At that time we advised the gifted author to drop the anonyne; for assuredly the public had a right to know to whom it was indebted for a profusion of fine thoughts, for a flood of gorgeous imagery. Not acting, perhaps, so much under our advice as under the consciousness of a poetic power, self-sustained and self-sustaining, Sydney Yendys has voluntarily discarded his pseudonym. We shall be anxious to learn whether Sydney Dobell will yet dig from the deep mine of the undivulged future treasures so rich and rare as Sydney Yendys extracted from the past. What these treasures were and are may be briefly stated; for Mr. Dobell has not been a voluminous, though he has been a successful, writer. There is "The Roman," the author's foremost venture, grand and stately; and then "Balder," the colossal intellect, but sinful nature, the slave of a tyrant ambition, yet swaying and bending to the milder divinity of love. These two poems are landmarks in the highway of genius, showing how far the mind has been, and, from their immeasurable distance from every common performance, showing also how far the mind will have to go before it can hope to stretch beyond. This new volume, *England in Time of War*, should not be contrasted, and can hardly be assimilated, with the poems already named. It has nothing in common, except those luminous rays which shoot from the presence of genius, even when genius is not in its meridian. It is true that "Balder" is incomplete; but whether a second instalment of that really great poem will ever issue from Cornhill to confound, as the first portion confounded, the critics, is very problematical. It is not unlikely that Mr. Dobell has outgrown the desire to depict further the splendid intellectual disease of his hero, or, it may be, his victim. In the mean time this *England in Time of War* does not represent the full measure of the author's intellect. As a proof of this, we should say that the reader is first struck with the versatility of the contents, rather than with the greatness of the thoughts, although the book in many respects is singularly thoughtful. Hitherto we have beheld Mr. Dobell's genius like the ocean, —a kind of mysterious entirety, deep, dark, and subject to mighty and sudden spasms; now the waters are broken and parted, and they thread their less forceful way through many avenues of song, through manifold phases of human life, now flowing and now leaping, for Mr. Dobell does not always show his strength in regularity of action. The effect of all is a succession of pictorial variations which, if not always pleasing, are sufficiently startling and unhackneyed. We do not say that these transitions are not life-like; for in life, as in Mr. Dobell's book, the "Recruits' Ball" does and will go on, divided only by the thinnest partition from the cries of the wounded, from the groans of the dying. In actual life these sudden contrasts excite no wonder, scarcely any more reflection than the Alpine peasant experiences when he beholds the bright blue sky instantaneously overcast, and from out the darkness "leaps the live thunder" and pours "the big rain." But often, when we see rapid transitions in a book, we are forced to remember that such changes are everywhere around us. Now, it by no means follows that the largest limit of the poet's intellect is disclosed through the greatest variety of rhythmical feet, or through the most numerous changes of topics. Indeed, the converse is more likely to be true. Weak poets not unfrequently trust to such aid in order to conceal the rags of intellectual poverty. Now, Mr. Dobell is in every sense of the word a strong poet, so that we look on this *England in Time of War* as evidence that a master mind has started a little out of its stately course for the purpose of showing its flexibility, or, it may be, for a recreative purpose. These poems are often connected in the flimsiest external manner with the "big war" that has just retreated, as a red and sulky lion retires unsatisfied to his lair; yet they have enough independent vitality to outbrave an age of scorn or indifference. We speak not of all the poems, but of many, for some few of them, as we shall show, have neither pith nor melody. We are willing to give as much liberty as can well be granted to the poet who, for the sake of mental refreshment, is disposed to sport with the Muse. We do not see why Mr. Dobell should be always stalking in dramatic state when he may indulge in a sort of lyric "tativity," and so expand his lungs, so lighten his brain, and, at the same time, prove his boisterous loyalty.

## A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN.

While the thistle bears

Spears,  
And the shamrock is green,  
And the English rose  
Blows,

A health to the Queen!

A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen!

Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,  
A health to the Queen!The thistle bears spears round its blossom,  
Round its blossom the shamrock is green,The rose grows and glows round the rose in its bosom,  
We stand sword in hand round the Queen!

Our glory is green round the Queen!

We close round the rose, round the Queen!

The Queen, boys, the Queen! a health to the Queen!

Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,

A health to the Queen!

Last poet I'd a note from that old aunt of mine,  
"Twas meant for a hook, but she called it a line;  
She says, I don't know why we're going to fight,  
She's sure I don't know—and I'm sure she's quite right;  
She swears I haven't looked at one sole protocol;  
Tantara! tantara! I haven't, 'pon my soul!

Soho, blow trumpeter,

Trumpeter, trumpeter!

Soho, blow trumpeter, onward's the cry:

Fall, tyrants, fall—the devil care why!

A health to the Queen; a health to the Queen!

Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,

A health to the Queen!

But as this book is, in the main, life-like, so this mood shifts, so tears follow laughter, so the dance of the recruit changes to the "Dance of Death;" not Holbein's, but Dobell's. At brief intervals the poet seems to expand in stature, the heart of the listener is hushed to hear the solemn yet melodious speech which he utters. For painful interest, for representative power, we know of few modern poems that can surpass "Grass from the Battle-Field." In fancy the speaker beholds a "small sheaf of grass" growing on the battlefield, growing as it freshly grew before the hot squadrons had passed.

But hark a bugle horn!

And, ere it ceases, such a shock

As if the plain were iron, and thereon

An iron hammer, heavy as a hill,

Swung by a monstrous force, in stroke came down

And deafened Heaven. I feel a wound

Of every sense stunned.

The rent ground seems to rock,

And all the definite vision, in such wise

As a dead glant borne on a swift river,

Seems sliding off for ever,

When my reviving eyes,

As one that holds a spirit by his eye

With set inexorable stare,

Fix thee: and so I catch, as by the hair,

The form of that great dream that else had drifted by.

I know not what that form may be;

The lock I hold is all I see,

And thou, small sheaf! art all the battle-field to me.

The wounded silence hath not time to heal

When see! upon thy sod

The round stroke of a charger's heel

With echoing thunder shod!

As the night-lightning shows

A mole upon a momentary face,

So, as that gnarled hoof strikes the indented place,

I see it, and it goes!

Surely there is exquisite expression and beauty in that line "The wounded silence hath not time to heal," as indeed there is fine expression and beauty in every phase of the poem. The most uncritical can scarcely fail to see the presence of a superior poet in the superior art with which the repose of the picture is made to set off and heighten its tumultuous portions. It is wonderful, but no less natural, that the mind, in momentary situations of extreme peril, finds ample time to seize on some minute fact and to criticise its every feature. This has again and again been proved in our law courts by witnesses speaking to the identity of prisoners. Shakspeare, more perhaps than any other writer, understood, in the rush of important events, the value and the force of minute facts, and hence it is that in his dramas familiar circumstances are constantly springing from extraordinary situations. What is minute is not necessarily trivial; and it is the ability to see life and forms in their multifarious aspects which constitutes the genius of the poet. Let us apply these observations to the poem from which we have just quoted. The narrator of the events of the story sees that particular "sheaf of grass" which has been celebrated in our extracts, struck by "a swift foot," struck to the roots with a foot strong in the rage and hate of battle,

And lifted, as into a sheath

A sudden sword is thrust, and drawn again

Ere one can gasp a breath.

The next extract will fully bear out the truth of our antecedent remarks:—

was so near.

I saw the wrinkles of the leather grain,

The very cobbler's stitches, and the wear

By which I knew the wearer trod not straight;

An honest shoe it seemed that had been good

To mete the miles of any country lane,

Nor did one sign explain

'Twas made to wade thro' blood.

My shoe, soft footstooled on this hearth, so far  
From strife, hath such a patch, and as he past  
His broken shoelace whipt his eager haste.  
An honest shoe, good faith! that might have stood  
Upon the threshold of a village inn  
And welcomed all the world: or by the byre  
And barn gone peaceful till the day closed in,  
And, scraped at eve upon some homely gate,  
Ah, Heaven! might sit beside a cottage fire  
And touch the lazy log to softer flames than war.

Upon this same sheaf of grass there fell a hand  
soft, and white, and ringed with gems—the  
wringing hand of a dying hero. Into this strong-  
hold of war and death delicate but victorious  
Love finds its way.

There lay that dead hand white;  
But now methought that there was something more  
Than when I look'd before.

And what was more was sweeter than the rest;  
As when upon the moony half of night

Aurora lay a living light,  
Softer than moonshine, yet more bright.

And as I look'd I was aware  
Another hand was on the hand,

A smaller hand, more fair  
But not more white, as is the warm delight

That curves and curls and coyly glows  
About the blushing heart of the white rose

More fair but not more white  
Than those broad beauties that expand

And fall, and falling blanch the morning air.

Both hands lay motionless,  
The living on the dead. But by and by

The living hand began to move and press  
The cold dead flesh, and took its silent way

So often o'er the unresponsive clay,  
In such long-drawn carres

Of pleading passion, such an ecstasy  
Of supplicating touch, that as they lay

So like, so unlike, twined with the fond art  
And all the deer delay

And dreadful patience of a desperate heart,  
Methought that to the tenebrous

From which it lately went,  
The naked life had come back, and did try

By every gate to enter. While I thought,  
With sudden clutch of new intent

The living grasp had caught  
The dead compliance. Slowly through

The dusky air she raised it, and aloft,  
While all her fingers soft

And every starting vein  
Tighten'd as in a rack of pain,

Held it one straining moment fix'd and mute,  
And let it go.

And with a thud upon the sod,  
It fell like falling fruit.

Then there came a cry,  
Tearless, bloodless, dry,

Of every sap of sorrow but its own—  
It had no likeness among living cries.

Could any but a true and great poet write like this? There is another poem entitled "Home Wounded," to which we would call marked attention. It is flushed all with the "purple light" of poetry, fragrant all with the breath of meadows, and meadow flowers. There is something eloquently touching in the idea and in the management of this poem. It presents a kind of melancholy sweetness, of regretful joy, undulating through every cadence of the poem. We grieve for the pale wounded man, and yet rejoice that nature has enough existant loveliness to lighten the anguish of his wounds.

Wheel me into the sunshine,  
Wheel me into the shadow,  
There must be leaves on the woodbine,  
Is the king-cup crown'd in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow,  
Down to the little river,  
In sun or in shadow  
I shall not dazzle or shiver,  
I shall be happy anywhere.

Every breath of the morning air  
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,  
By the mount or under the hill,  
Or down by the little river:  
Stay as long as you please.

Give me only a bud from the trees,  
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,  
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,  
I could look on it for ever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,  
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;  
There must be odours round the pine,  
There must be balm of breathing kine,

Somewhere down in the meadow.  
Must I choose? Then anchor me there  
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where  
The larch is sneezing her flow'ry hair

With wreaths of morning shadow.

This is life, this is rapture, this is the exquisite throbbing of pulse and song.

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,  
But, oh, to sit here thus in the sun,  
To sit here, feeling my work is done,  
While the sands of life so golden run,

And I watch the children's' games,  
And my idle heart is whispering  
"Bring whatever the years may bring,  
The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,  
And there 'll always be primroses."

Looking before me here in the sun,  
I see the April one after one,  
Primrosed April one by one,  
Primrosed April on and on,



Till the floating prospect closes  
In golden glimmers that rise and rise  
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,  
And perhaps—too far for mortal eyes—  
New years of fresh primroses,  
Years of earth's primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,  
A hound that dreams and dozes;  
Along my life my length I lay,  
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,  
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,  
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,  
And like one who dreams and dozes  
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,  
Two worlds are whispering over me,  
And there blows a wind of roses  
From the backward shore to the shore before,  
From the shore before to the backward shore,  
And like two clouds that meet and pour  
Each thro' each, till core in core  
A single self reposes,  
The nevermore with the evermore  
Above me mingles and closes;  
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,  
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,  
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,  
A dreamy eye uncloses,  
I see a blooming world around,  
And I lie amid primroses—  
Years of sweet primroses,  
Springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

We fear we shall do injury to the proportions  
of this delightful poem by chipping out frag-  
ments, though each fragment, like the trill of  
the nightingale—to quote Mr. Dobell's radiant  
line—

Rings like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

Yet one more extract, even at the risk of being  
thought unreasonable:

And she,  
Perhaps oh even she  
May look as she look'd when I knew her  
In those old days of childish sooth,  
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.  
I will not seek nor sue her,  
For I'm neither fonder nor truer  
Than when she slighted my love-lorn youth,  
My giftless, graceless, guineless truth,  
And I only lived to rue her.  
But I'll never love another,  
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,  
She shall love me yet, my brother!  
As a child that holds by his mother,  
While his mother speaks his praises,  
Holds with eager hands,  
And ruddy and silent stands  
In the ruddy and silent daisies,  
And hears her bless her boy,  
And lifts a wondering joy,  
So I'll not seek nor sue her,  
But I'll leave my glory to woo her,  
And I'll stand like a child beside,  
And from behind the purple pride  
I'll lift my eyes unto her,  
And I shall not be denied.  
And you will love her, brother dear,  
And perhaps next year you'll bring me here  
All thro' the balmy April-tide,  
And she will trip like spring by my side,  
And be all the birds to my ear,  
And here all three we'll sit in the sun,  
And see the Aprils one by one,  
Primroses Aprils on and on,  
Till the floating prospect closes  
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,  
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,  
And perhaps—too far for mortal eyes—  
New springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs of earth's primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me,  
Of distant dim primroses.

We have not space, even if we had the time,  
to individualise the manifold beauties of Mr.  
Dobell's volume. It can never with truth be  
said that Mr. Dobell is deficient of ideas; indeed,  
there are few, if there are any, modern poets who  
have shown the same amplitude and boldness of  
thought; yet in many portions of the volume  
before us there is an attempt to play with words  
which is totally distinct from the author's usual  
masculine manner. The uniform tolling of one  
bell is a nuisance rather than a pleasure, and so  
with the dreary repetition of a word: a judicious  
repetition is a source of power, but where in-  
judicious it is a lamentable exhibition of weak-  
ness. Will Mr. Dobell contend that the iteration  
of a single word in his poem entitled "Wind,"  
is either useful, ornamental, or musical? That it  
represents the object intended to be represented  
we deny. Can such a word fortyfold repeated  
ever clothe the skeleton bones of that poem  
with flesh and sinew, or make it instinct with  
life as a single sterling thought would do? We  
give the poem entire.

#### WIND,

Oh the wold, the wold,  
Oh the wold, the wold!  
Oh the winter stark,  
Oh the level dark,  
Oh the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,  
Oh the wold, the wold!  
Oh the mystery  
Of the blasted tree  
On the wold, the wold, the wold!  
Oh the wold, the wold,  
Oh the wold, the wold!  
Oh the owl's croon  
To the haggard moon,  
To the waning moon,  
On the wold, the wold, the wold!  
Oh the wold, the wold,  
Oh the wold, the wold!  
Oh the fleshless stare,  
Oh the windy hair,  
On the wold, the wold, the wold!  
Oh the wold, the wold,  
Oh the wold, the wold;  
Oh the cold sigh,  
Oh the hollow cry,  
The lean and hollow cry,  
On the wold, the wold, the wold!  
Oh the wold, the wold,  
Oh the wold, the wold!  
Oh the white sight,  
Oh the shuddering night,  
The shivering shuddering night,  
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

It would be very easy to cite, if needed, other  
instances of this word-mania. A bard can hardly  
expect to discourse such eloquent music out of a  
word as Paganini did from his monochord. Again,  
we may instance a poem called "A Shower in  
War Time," as being full of conceits. Words  
are here again called upon to do too much  
service, which ends in their being rendered  
utterly discordant. Take this passage:

O! head, hard by, a pointed beam o'erlapped,  
And from its jewelled tip  
The slipping slipping drip,  
Did whip the flippid pool whose hopping splashes ticked.

This, to our thinking, is exceeding hard and  
chromatic—a new performance on "the grind-  
stone of the teeth."

We next give a poem entire, entitled—

#### HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, Sailor of the sea!  
How's my boy—my boy?  
"What's your boy's name, good wife,  
And in what good ship sailed he?"  
"My boy John—  
He that went to sea—  
What care I for the ship, sailor?  
My boy's my boy to me."  
"You come back from sea,  
And not know my John?  
I might as well have asked some landsman  
Yonder down in the town.  
There's not an ass in all the parish  
But he knows my John."  
"How's my boy—my boy?  
And unless you let me know  
I'll swear you are no sailor,  
Blue jacket or no,  
Brass buttons or no, sailor,  
Anchor and crown or no!  
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'—"  
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"  
"And why should I speak low, sailor,  
About my own boy John?  
If I was loud as I am proud  
I'd sing him over the town!  
Why should I speak low, sailor?"  
"That good ship went down."  
"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the ship, sailor,  
I was never aboard her.  
Be she afloat, or be she aground,  
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,  
Her owners can afford her!  
I say, how's my John?"  
"Every man on board went down,  
Every man aboard her."  
"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the men, sailor?  
I'm not their mother—"  
"How's my boy—my boy?  
Tell me of him and no other!  
How's my boy—my boy?"

Now this poem is neither original in manner  
nor true to the maternal feeling. It is flippant  
certainly, but it has none of the true eloquence of  
nature. There is not a mother in the land who  
can sympathise with its false colouring.

Every man on board went down,  
Every man aboard her,  
says the sailor; and the mother is made to reply:

What care I for the men, sailor?  
How's my boy, my boy?

The poet may be playful if he chooses, but his  
playfulness will not alter the instinct of a mother.  
This is unalterable, and the relationship of her  
child to the sunken ship would flash on the mother  
too suddenly to leave room for frivolous ques-  
tions about the difference between the common  
terms "man" and "boy."

Our opinion of *England in Time of War*  
will readily be gathered from the foregoing  
remarks. It is this—that Mr. Dobell has been  
pleased to show the variety of his muse rather  
than its power. The power has been before made

manifest, the variety never. We therefore wel-  
come the new volume because it is likely to  
attract a class of readers who could never under-  
stand, even if they were disposed to study, what  
has been aptly termed the "colossal but distem-  
pered nature" of Balder.

*Gabriel.* By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES. London:  
John Chapman.

Two or three volumes by this author we have  
already noticed in the CRITIC, each of which was  
distinguished for energy of style and boldness of  
thought. The characteristic of all Miss Parkes's  
poems is an intensity of life. Give the author  
but liberty "to live and love without reserve,"  
and against these privileges pain and sorrow  
weigh as nothing in the balance. *Gabriel*, the  
latest poetic work of this gifted author, notwith-  
standing its many fervid and eloquent passages,  
will scarcely strike the popular taste, hardly  
touch the universal heart. Its devotion to one  
whom the world has never understood, and, we  
fear, never can understand, will to the general  
reader appear a mental exaggeration. When  
Bessie Rayner Parkes adores the genius and  
idealises Percy Bysshe Shelley the individual,  
when she passionately personifies the poet under  
the pseudonym of *Gabriel*, she can only hope to  
gain admirers from the class who value Shelley as  
the foremost of freethinkers, as the head of idealistic  
writers. We know of no modern poem so likely  
to call forth the virtuous indignation of a certain  
class of critics as this *Gabriel*. The motto from  
St. Luke, which Miss Parkes has adopted as the  
precursor of her poem, "The angel Gabriel was  
sent from God," is calculated to awaken a storm  
of religious protest. It is not our desire to defend  
Shelley, because, if Shelley ever needed a defender,  
it is impossible to find a better than himself.  
His defence lies in the beauty he created and  
sustained, in the humanity which flowed from his  
rich nature, in the adoration which he paid the  
Infinite even while he hurled the arrows of his  
scorn against the attributes of a Deity which  
rival and jealous sects had set up. It is such a  
man and such a poet that Miss Parkes has repre-  
sented in her poem—represented with fervent  
utterance.

So lightly, lightly did he tread.  
He walk'd as poets walk, not men,  
His step might not profane the dead;  
When his dear foot caress'd the ground  
The very flowers sprang up again.  
If he were beautiful or no  
I never knew, and cannot tell,  
For spiritual grace doth well  
Up from some hearts, and overflow  
The outward nature with a sweetness  
Which doth shame the cold completeness  
Of the Ideal, since it is  
The shadow'd glow caught back from His  
Who dwelleth in high Heaven, and gives  
Of his own life to all that lives.  
This lovely look beyond compare  
Is such as the dear angels wear  
Who gaze upon Him in that place  
Which knoweth nought of time and space  
But is built up of love and prayer!

Of the book as a whole we can offer but an  
imperfect idea—indeed, it does not only embrace  
a poem, but many poems, all of which are full of  
a rich fancy. Bessie Rayner Parkes is distin-  
guishable from the majority of her sisters in the  
tuneful art by the firmness and almost masculine  
grasp of her thoughts. In every page of her  
book one sees that the act of thought has pre-  
ceded the act of composition, so that we have  
mental plenty, and an entire absence of plati-  
tudes. Yet, for all this, Miss Parkes has not  
satisfied us, simply because she has not performed  
all she is capable of performing. We hope yet  
to see her in a more complete character—that is  
to say, less fragmentary. Her ideas, as we have  
always contended, are sufficiently ample and far-  
reaching; why should she not, therefore, rise unto  
a grander sphere, unto the completion of a poem  
that shall be noted for its harmony and its  
unity?

Mr. J. Russell Smith has published a new edition  
of *The Hymns and Songs of the Church*, by George  
Wither, edited, with an introduction, by Mr.  
Edward Farr. Reading them now in all the attrac-  
tions of beautiful typography, we are yet not sur-  
prised at the comparative neglect into which they  
had fallen. Undoubtedly they are vastly superior to  
Sternhold and Hopkins, or to any of the metrical  
versions of the psalms or miscellaneous hymns used  
in our churches; but, with few exceptions, they are  
not poetry. Old Wither had a marvellous facility  
for rhyme, and his metre is perfect. Many of his  
verses are as musical as Moore's; but there is no  
originality of idea in them; they are merely plous  
expressions put into unexceptionable metre. Never-

theless, an English library will not be complete without this handsome edition of one of our old time-honoured poets, as they were once called.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*English Traits*, by R. W. EMERSON. London: Geo. Routledge and Co.

It is generally objected against the American travellers that they found big books upon very little observation; and, with the mass, it must be admitted that this criticism is perfectly just. How often do we receive a volume from the other side of the Atlantic—a smart enough volume in its way, so far as paper, print, and the bravery of gilding is concerned—professing to contain the impressions produced by “the Old World” upon the ingenuous mind of some denizen of the New. We open it, with a sad foreboding, induced by some experience of such works, and find—just what we expected. The mind in question having been almost unprepared by previous knowledge of the subject, and being dangerously inflated with an immense amount of national conceit, has not fructified usefully under the experiences of foreign travel; an air of vulgarity pervades the whole; ignorance is partly concealed behind prejudice; presumption takes the place of a well-grounded confidence; everything is dwarfed to suit a preconceived and not very lofty standard; and the general result tends only to inspire us with contempt for the author, and wonder at the laudatory notices of his production that come to us from the American press. Under these circumstances, but one course has been open to us; to speak out plainly and openly, without fear or favour what we think of such presumptuous judges of things European. This has brought down upon us the accusation of being unfairly prejudiced against American books; and we have even noticed pretty significant hints of what “the editor of *THE CRITIC*” may expect if ever book of his shall come within the purview of the American press. Awaiting that fearful vengeance, and not doubting that it would be very terrible indeed, we ask, what are we to do? (Are we to sit quietly by whilst this grand old continent of Europe, with all its noble artistic and intellectual possessions, is defiled by a swarm of travellers who understand it as little as a snail would the Arundelian marbles if it were to crawl across them?) It was said of a Frenchman that, after spending half-an-hour in the Court of the Old Bailey, he went home and wrote a ponderous treatise upon the English Criminal Law. The American travellers are worse, for they write the treatise without spending so much as the half-hour in preparation. Shall we then let such book-makers pass scatheless, while we hold a pen that can transfix the criminals in the fact? A thousand times, no; and whether such books be few or many, whether their author be Member of Congress or Consul’s wife, whatever be the luxury of printing or the prodigality of gilding, they are sure of one uniform reception here, the expression of a righteous contempt.

(But what really good American work was ever underrated in these columns? What author of real greatness or of sound merit ever received anything but an honest tribute of admiration from us? In proportion as we condemn bitterly, so do we praise heartily. Do we not hold Irving to be one of the tenderest and most genial of his species—a very Charles Lamb in the eloquence of his heart-speakings? and we know no higher praise. Are not the names of Cooper, of Hawthorne, of Elizabeth Wetherell, of Edgar Poe, of Lowell, of Longfellow, and of Prescott, dear to us?) Who ever knew us to indite one single detracting word against those bright glories of the great American nation? And how could we honestly love and admire these, while with the same breath we heaped fulsome praise upon Mr. N. P. Willis and the authors of such works as we have referred to above? Yet one more name there is that should have been included in the list of those whom we cherish and admire, and that stands upon the title-page of the little volume before us—it is that of Emerson, a man with a larger heart, and a far larger brain, than falls to the lot of most men.

As we take it up and turn it about, it seems to us that never was there a more unpretending little book than this. A little thin duodecimo, not two hundred pages long, bound in plainest of paper, and costing precisely one shilling; what a contrast it presents to the rich argosies of folly

which generally come sailing to us in all the pomp of gilt-lettering and hot-press from the stores of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Yet in this little vessel we have found more real wisdom than in the works of all the American travellers put together who have attempted to write about this country from the beginning of the Union until now! Emerson has been twice to England; he has examined carefully and thoughtfully; and the results are here. He is not always right; but he is oftener so than most Englishmen would be upon the same subject. His errors (and they are not very numerous) arise always from the deficiency of information which it is no disgrace to him to be without. Facts which lie upon the surface he neglects never; those which lie within the reach of a clever man he passes over seldom. Altogether, we may say that, whether his estimate be flattering to our nationality, or whether it be the reverse, it is one of the best and most truthful that have hitherto been made. With this preface we shall subjoin a few extracts; assuming that the generality of our readers will not be satisfied without perusing the entire volume.

While in England Emerson, visited some of our celebrated men. Among the rest—

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From Edinburgh I went to the Highlands. On my return, I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome, inquired for Craigenputtock. It was a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles distant. No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour, which floated everything he looked upon. His talk playfully exalting the familiar objects, put the companion at once into an acquaintance with his Lars and Lemurs, and it was very pleasant to learn what was predestined to be a pretty mythology. Few were the objects and lonely the man, “not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore,” so that books inevitably made his topics. He had names of his own for all the matters familiar to his discourse. *Blackwood’s* was the “sand magazine;” *Fraser’s* nearer approach to the possibility of life was the “mud magazine;” a piece of road near by that marked some failed enterprise was the “grave of the last sixpence.” . . . We talked of books. Plato he does not read, and he disparaged Socrates; and, when pressed, persisted in making Mirabeau a hero. Gibbon he called the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. His own reading had been multifarious. “*Tristram Shandy*” was one of his first books after “*Robinson Crusoe*,” and Robertson’s “*America*” an early favourite. Rousseau’s “*Confessions*” had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German, by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted. He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing. Hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the eve of bankruptcy. . . . We went out to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth’s country. There we sat down, and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle’s fault that we talked on that topic, for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognisant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. “Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore kirk yonder; that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.” He was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar’s appreciation. London is the heart of the world, he said, wonderful only from the mass of human beings. He liked the huge machine. Each keeps its own round. The baker’s boy brings muffins to the window at a fixed hour every day, and that is all the Londoner knows or wishes to know on the subject. But it turned out good men. He named certain individuals, especially one man of letters, his friend, the best mind he knew, whom London had well served.

Also

WORDSWORTH.

On the 28th August I went to Rydal Mount to pay my respects to Mr. Wordsworth. His daughters called in their father, a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green gog-

gles. He sat down, and talked with great simplicity. He had just returned from a journey. His health was good, but he had broken a tooth by a fall, when walking with two lawyers, and had said, that he was glad it did not happen forty years ago; whereupon they had praised his philosophy. He had much to say of America, the more that it gave occasion for his favourite topic—that society is being enlightened by a superficial tuition, out of all proportion to its being restrained by moral culture. . . . He led me out into his garden, and showed me the gravel walk in which thousands of his lines were composed. His eyes are much inflamed. This is no loss, except for reading, because he never writes prose, and of poetry he carries even hundreds of lines in his head before writing them. He had just returned from a visit to Staffa, and within three days had made three sonnets on Fingal’s Cave, and was composing a fourth when he was called in to see me. He said, “If you are interested in my verses, perhaps you will like to hear these lines.” I gladly assented; and he recollecting himself for a few moments, and then stood forth and repeated, one after the other, the three entire sonnets with great animation. I fancied the second and third more beautiful than his poems are wont to be. The third is addressed to the flowers, which, he said, especially the ox-eye daisy, are very abundant on the top of the rock. The second alludes to the name of the cave, which is “Cave of Music;” the first to the circumstance of its being visited by the promiscuous company of the steamboat. This recitation was so unlooked for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk, like a schoolboy declaiming—that I at first was near to laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to hear. I told him how much the few printed extracts had quickened the desire to possess his unpublished poems. He replied he never was in haste to publish; partly, because he corrected a good deal, and every alteration is ungraciously received after printing; but what he had written would be printed, whether he lived or died.

We now turn to some of his own opinions about what he saw here. First of all, about England itself:

As soon as you enter England, which, with Wales, is no larger than the State of Georgia, this little land stretches by an illusion to the dimensions of an empire. The innumerable details, the crowded succession of towns, cities, cathedrals, castles, and great and decorated estates, the number and power of the trades and guilds, the military strength and splendour, the multitudes of rich and of remarkable people, the servants and equipages—all these catching the eye, and never allowing it to pause, hide all boundaries by the impression of magnificence and endless wealth. I reply to all the urgencies that refer to me to this and that object indispensably to be seen,—yes, to see England well needs a hundred years; for what they told me was the merit of Sir John Soane’s Museum, in London,—that it was well packed and well saved,—is the merit of England;—it is stuffed full, in all corners and crevices, with towns, towers, churches, villas, palaces, hospitals, and charity-houses. In the history of art, it is a long way from a cromlech to York minster; yet all the intermediate steps may still be traced in this all-preserving island. The territory has a singular perfection. The climate is warmer by many degrees than it is entitled to by latitude. Neither hot nor cold, there is no hour in the whole year when one cannot work. Here is no winter, but such days as we have in Massachusetts in November,—a temperature which makes no exhausting demand on human strength, but allows the attainment of the largest stature. Charles the Second said, “it invited men abroad more days in the year and more hours in the day than any other country.” Then England has all the materials of a working country, except wood. The constant rain,—a rain with every tide in some parts of the island,—keeps its multitude of rivers full, and brings agricultural production up to the highest point. It has plenty of water, of stone, of potter’s clay, of coal, of salt, and of iron. The land naturally abounds with game, immense heaths and downs are paved with quails, grouse, and woodcock, and the shores are animated by water-birds. The rivers and the surrounding sea spawn with fish; there are salmon for the rich, and sprats and herrings for the poor. In the northern lochs, the herrings are in innumerable shoals; at one season, the country people say, the lakes contain one part water and two parts fish. . . . In the variety of surface, Britain is a miniature of Europe, having plain, forest, marsh, river, seashore; mines in Cornwall; caves in Matlock and Derbyshire; delicious landscape in Dovedale, delicious sea-view at Tor Bay, Highlands in Scotland, Snowdon in Wales; and in Westmoreland and Cumberland, a pocket Switzerland, in which the lakes and mountains are on a sufficient scale to fill the eye and touch the imagination. It is a nation conveniently small. Fontenelle thought that Nature had sometimes a little affection; and there is such an artificial completeness in this nation of artificers, as if there were a design from the beginning to elaborate a bigger Birmingham. Nature held counsel with herself, and

said: “  
empire,  
brutish  
the rou  
pasture  
quires  
rate no  
alive as  
from oth  
will ki  
seafarin  
island—  
glut the  
proporti

They  
war is  
domestic  
This un  
legend  
in the G  
sexes an  
Britanni  
which h  
is as mil  
The Eng  
bines in  
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said: "My Romans are gone. To build my new empire, I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with brutish strength. I will not grudge a competition of the roughest males. Let buffalo gore buffalo, and the pasture to the strongest! For I have work that requires the best will and sinew. Sharp and temperate northern breezes shall blow, to keep that will alive and alert. The sea shall disjoin the people from others, and knit them to a fierce nationality. It shall give them markets on every side. Long time I will keep them on their feet, by poverty, border-wars, seafaring, searisks, and the stimulus of gain. An island—but not so large, the people not so many as to glut the great markets and depress one another, but proportioned to the size of Europe and the continents.

#### THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

They are rather manly than warlike. When the war is over, the mask falls from the affectionate and domestic tastes, which make them women in kindness. This union of qualities is fabled in their national legend of "Beauty and the Beast," or, long before, in the Greek legend of "Hermaphrodite." The two sexes are co-present in the English mind. I apply to Britannia, Queen of seas and colonies, the words in which her latest novelist portrays his heroine: "she is as mild as she is game, and as game as she is mild." The English delight in the antagonism which combines in one person the extremes of courage and tenderness. Nelson, dying at Trafalgar, sends his love to Lord Collingwood, and, like an innocent school-boy, that goes to bed, says, "Kiss me, Hardy," and turns to sleep. Lord Collingwood, his comrade, was of a nature the most affectionate and domestic. Admiral Rodney's figure approached to delicacy and effeminacy, and he declared himself very sensible to fear, which he surmounted only by considerations of honour and public duty. Clarendon says the Duke of Buckingham was so modest and gentle, that some courtiers attempted to put affronts on him, until they found that this modesty and effeminacy was only a mask for the most terrible determination. And Sir James Parry said, the other day, of Sir John Franklin, that, "if he found Wellington Sound open, he explored it; for he was a man who never turned his back on a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a mosquito." Even for their highwaymen the same virtue is claimed, and Robin Hood comes described to us as *mitissimus prodonum*, the gentlest thief. But they know where their war-dogs lie. Cromwell, Blake, Marlborough, Chatham, Nelson, and Wellington, are not to be trifled with; and the brutal strength which lies at the bottom of society, the animal ferocity of the quays and cockpits, the bullies of the costermongers of Shoreditch, Seven Dials, and Spitalfields, they know how to wake up.

#### MANNERS.

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses, mettle and bottom. On the day of my arrival at Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing to me the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say "Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies;" and what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the English value is, pluck. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the *Times* newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England, and Sydney Smith had made it a proverb, that little Lord John Russell, the minister, would take the command of the Channel fleet to-morrow. . . . It requires, men say, a good constitution to travel in Spain. I say as much of England, for other cause, simply on account of the vigour and brawn of the people. Nothing but the most serious business could give one any counterweight to these Baresarks, though they were only to order eggs and muffins for their breakfast. The Englishman speaks with all his body. His elocution is stomatic, as the American's is labial. The Englishman is very petulant and precise about his accommodation at inns, and on the roads; a quibble about his toast and his chop, and every species of convenience, and loud and pungent in his expressions of impatience at any neglect. His vivacity betrays itself, at all points, in his manners, in his respiration, and the inarticulate noises he makes in clearing the throat; all significant of burly strength. This vigour appears in the incuriosity, and stony neglect, each of every other. Each man walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates, and in every manner acts and suffers without reference to the bystanders in his own fashion, only careful not to interfere with them or annoy them; not that he is trained to neglect the eyes of his neighbours; he is really occupied with his own affair, and does not think of them. In short, every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable. In a company of strangers you would think him deaf; his eyes never wander from his table and newspaper. Introductions are sacraments. He withholds his name. At the hotel he is hardly willing to whisper it to the clerk at the book-office. If he give you his private address on a card, it is like an avowal of friendship; and his bearing on being introduced is cold, even though he is seeking your acquaintance, and is studying how he shall serve you.

#### BRAG.

But, beyond this nationality, it must be admitted,

the island offers a daily worship to the old Norse god Brage, celebrated among our Scandinavian forefathers for his eloquence and majestic air. The English have a steady courage, that fits them for great attempts and endurance; they have also a petty courage, through which every man delights in showing himself for what he is, and in doing what he can; so that in all companies each of them has too good an opinion of himself to imitate anybody. He hides no defect of his form, features, dress, connection, or birthplace, for he thinks every circumstance belonging to him comes recommended to you. . . . A man's personal defects will commonly have with the rest of the world precisely that importance which they have to himself. . . . There is also this benefit in brag, that the speaker is unconsciously expressing his own ideal. Humour him by all means, draw it all out, and hold him to it. Their culture generally enables the travelled English to avoid any ridiculous extremes of this self-pleasing, and to give it an agreeable air. Then the natural disposition is fostered by the respect which they find entertained in the world for English ability. . . . An English lady on the Rhine, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners; we are English; it is you that are foreigners."

#### LOVE OF WEALTH.

There is no country in which so absolute an homage is paid to wealth. In America, there is a touch of shame when a man exhibits the evidences of large property, as if, after all, it needed apology. But the Englishman has pure pride in his wealth, and esteems it a final certificate. A coarse logic rules throughout all English souls; if you have merit, can you not show it by your good clothes, and coach, and horses? How can a man be a gentleman without a pipe of wine? Haydon says, "there is a fierce resolution to make every man live according to the means he possesses." There is a mixture of religion in it. They are under the Jewish law, and read with sonorous emphasis that their days shall be long in the land, they shall have sons and daughters, flocks and herds, wine and oil. In exact proportion is the reproach of poverty. They do not wish to be represented except by opulent men. An Englishman who has lost his fortune, is said to have died of a broken heart. The last term of insult is "a beggar." Nelson said, "the want of fortune is a crime which I can never get over." Sydney Smith said, "poverty is infamous in England."

#### NATIONAL WEALTH.

The power of machinery in Great Britain in mills has been computed to be equal to 600,000,000 men, one man being able by the aid of steam to do the work which required two hundred and fifty men to accomplish fifty years ago. The production has been commensurate. England already had this labourous race, rich soil, water, wood, coal, iron, and favourable climate. Eight hundred years ago, commerce had made it rich, and it was recorded, "England is the richest of all the northern nations." The Norman historians recite, that "in 1067, William carried with him into Normandy from England more gold and silver than had ever before been seen in Gaul." But when to this labour, and trade, and these native resources, was added this goblin of steam, with his myriad arms, never tired, working night and day everlastingly, the amassing of property has run out of all figures. It makes the motor of the last ninety years. The steam-pipe has added to her population and wealth the equivalent of four or five Englands. Forty thousand ships are entered in Lloyd's lists. The yield of wheat has gone on from 2,000,000 quarters in the time of the Stuarts, to 13,000,000 in 1854. A thousand million of pounds sterling are said to compose the floating money of commerce. In 1848, Lord John Russell stated that the people of this country had laid out 300,000,000*l.* of capital in railways, in the last four years. But a better measure than these sounding figures is the estimate, that there is wealth enough in England to support the entire population in idleness for one year.

#### THE ARISTOCRACY.

The English nobles are high-spirited, active, educated men, born to wealth and power, who have run through every country, and kept in every country the best company, have seen every secret of art and nature, and when men of any ability or ambition, have been consulted in the conduct of every important action. You cannot wield great agencies without lending yourself to them; and when it happens that the spirit of the earl meets his rank and duties, we have the best examples of behaviour. Power of any kind readily appears in the manners; and beneficent power, *le talent de bien faire*, gives a majesty which cannot be concealed or resisted. These people seem to gain as much as they lose by their position. They survey society, as from the top of St. Paul's; and, if they never hear plain truth from men, they see the best of every thing, in every kind, and they see things so grouped and amassed as to infer easily the sum and genius, instead of tedious particularities. Their good behaviour deserves all its fame, and they have that simplicity, and that air of repose, which are the finest ornaments of greatness. The upper classes have only birth, say the people here, and not thoughts. Yes, but they have manners, and it is wonderful how much talent runs into manners;—nowhere and never so

much as in England. They have the sense of superiority, the absence of all the ambitious effort which disgusts in the aspiring classes, a pure tone of thought and feeling, and the power to command, among their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their festive meetings. Loyalty is in the English a sub-religion. They wear the laws as ornaments, and walk by their faith in their painted May-Fair, as if among the forms of gods. The economist of 1855 who asks, Of what use are the Lords? may learn of Franklin to ask of what use is a baby? They have been a social church proper to inspire sentiments mutually honouring the lover and the loved. Politeness is the ritual of society, as prayers are of the Church; a school of manners, and a gentle blessing to the age in which it grew. It is a romance adorning English life with a larger horizon; a midway heaven, fulfilling to their sense their fairy tales and poetry. This, just as far as the breeding of the nobleman, really made him brave, handsome, accomplished, and great-hearted.

#### RELIGION.

The religion of England is part of good breeding. When you see on the continent the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador's chapel, and put his face for silent prayer into his smooth-brushed hat, one cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman. So far is he from attaching any meaning to the words, that he believes himself to have done almost the generous thing, and that it is very condescending in him to pray to God. A great duke said, on the occasion of a victory, in the House of Lords, that he thought the Almighty God had not been well used by them, and that it would become their magnanimity, after so great successes, to take order that a proper acknowledgment be made. It is the church of the gentry; but it is not the church of the poor. The operatives do not own it, and gentlemen lately testified in the House of Commons that in their lives they never saw a poor man in a ragged coat inside a church. The torpidity on the side of religion of the vigorous English understanding shows how much wit and folly can agree in one brain. Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. In good company, you expect them to laugh at the fanaticism of the vulgar; but they do not; they are the vulgar. . . . I suspect that there is in an Englishman's brain a valve that can be closed at pleasure, as an engineer shuts off steam. The most sensible and well-informed men possess the power of thinking just as far as the bishop in religious matters, and as the Chancellor of the Exchequer in politics. They talk with courage and logic, and show you magnificent results; but the same men who have brought free trade or geology to their present standing, look grave and lofty, and shut down their valve, as soon as the conversation approaches the English Church. After that, you talk with a box-turtle.

The worst chapter in the book is that upon the *Times* newspaper; for it is full of exaggeration and contradiction. Mr. Emerson makes the common mistake of treating this publication as if it were possessed of great original power; while at the same time he admits that the secret of its great popularity consists in the versatility with which it follows public opinion. Now, the fact is that the *Times* originates nothing, and only appears to be powerful by always taking care to be on the dominant side. Mr. Emerson understands this—in fact, he says as much; yet we find him inditing such nonsense as—"What would the *Times* say? is a terror in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Copenhagen, and in Nepal." Another assertion is not less curious; namely, that "a statement of fact in the *Times* is as reliable as a citation from Hansard." Whereas the truth is that the number of blunders which it commits in matters of fact is incomprehensible to those who know anything about its expensive and large organisation, and can only be accounted for upon the theory that its managers care much more for popularity than for accuracy.

*Vade Mecum for Tourists in France: containing a copious Phrase-book and Vocabulary, adapted for every emergency of the Traveller; together with full information as to Money, Passports, Routes, Hotels, &c.* London: Lambert and Co. 1856.

This is an old experiment in a new form—an attempt at including within the bulk of a waistcoat-pocket-book all the French that a traveller absolutely requires to take him about France without any very great inconvenience. We object to this on two grounds; the first being, that it is impossible to be accomplished, and the second that, even if it were possible, it would be useless. You can go from London to Paris, and from thence to Marseilles, without any French; but if you wish to travel out of the highways, nothing short of the whole dictionary can contain what you may require. Suppose, however, that the traveller entrusts himself to the guidance of this little manual (which we must in justice admit to be the best

we have seen), what will be his fate? He has arrived at the *Douane* or Custom-house, and turns to page 3 for the phrases which he will be likely to want. Here he will find, "I have nothing to declare. I have a few little presents," &c., &c. But suppose he has something to declare? Suppose that a discussion should arise? Of what avail is his *Vade Mecum* then? He is leaving his hotel, and turns to page 10. What is the use of furnishing him with the phrase, *Apportez-moi ma note (la note or la carte à payer would be better French)*, if you do not also furnish him with the ten thousand phrases which he will inevitably require before that important document is finally settled—phrases which are likely to be none the less numerous if he informs his landlord, from the pages of his *Vade Mecum*, "*Votre vin n'est pas bon*?" These objections might be multiplied *ad infinitum*; but we shall comprise every possible criticism in this only—that it is better, and, after all, less troublesome, to learn the groundwork of the language, and leave it for time and practice to perfect you, than to encumber your memory with a catalogue of phrases thrown together without any rhyme and with very little reason.

*A Manual for the Genealogist, Topographer, Antiquary, and Legal Professor.* By RICHARD SIMS, of the British Museum. London: J. R. Smith. 8vo. pp. 526.

This is designed as a book of reference for genealogists, historians, topographers, and lawyers, who want to know where they are to look for any subject on which they may be engaged. For this purpose Mr. Sims gives a description, with their situations, and how access may be had to them, of the public records, the parochial and other registers, wills, county and family histories, heraldic collections in public libraries, university registers, public school registers, the counties palatine records; with an appendix, in which he presents the Roman and Church calendars, the regnal years of the English sovereigns, and the dates and terms met with in records. This outline of the contents is the best assurance of the value of the work, which will be as necessary a part of every library, among its books of reference, as a dictionary or a cyclopædia. He gives not only the collections with their whereabouts, but their contents.

The Rev. F. Dusaury has collected, in a little volume, for private circulation only, his contributions to various periodicals. If designed for private use, we will not break the seal of privacy by further notices of them.

Bayle St. John's *Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family* has been reprinted in a neat pocket volume as one of Chapman and Hall's "Select Library." It is very cheap, and, being a thoroughly original book, it deserves the wider circle of readers it will now enjoy.

*Critical Notes to the Authorised English Version of the New Testament*, by Samuel Sharp (Hodgson, pp. 150), is a contribution to the controversy on a second translation from the Bible. It points out many of the errors of the present one.

The fourth volume of the *Library of Biblical Literature* is almost entirely geographical and historical. It is instructive and interesting.

A fourth edition has issued of *Wealth, how to get, preserve, and enjoy it*. Who does not desire to possess this knowledge? We should very much like to know if the author, Mr. Joseph Bentley, has followed his own teachings and got wealth. The book certainly looks to us very like a puff of a life assurance office. If so, it ought to be hoisted down.

Miss Hannah Boyd's *Voice from Australia* is an inquiry into the probability of New Holland being connected with the prophecies relating to New Jerusalem. We fear Miss Boyd is rather going out of her depth.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The British Controversialist, or Self-Educator*, opens with an admirable article, by Mr. Samuel Neil, on the Eleatic School of Philosophy, and Parmenides of Elea, the founder of that school. This is followed by articles on both the negative and affirmative sides of several important questions; such as—Does Geology confirm the Mosaic Account of the Creation?—Is Macaulay's Estimate of William of Orange correct?—Would Parliament be justified in sanctioning the Opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday?—and Is the Spendthrift more injurious to Society than the Miser? To these are added some excellent lessons in French and mathematics for the benefit of self-educators.

*Titan* opens with a mysterious article on "Spiritual Jugglery." A continuation of the series upon "The Lords of Lancashire" (this one being devoted to the coal magnates), an article upon the now fashionable study of marine zoology, and a kindly yet appreciative "Morning with the Muses," are the most noticeable features of the number. Also an article by Thomas De Quincey, entitled "Storms in English History—a Glance at the Reign of Henry VIII."

*The Train* has a continuation of Mr. Robert Brough's novel "Marston Lynch," an article on Lord Lovat, by Edward Draper; a short tale called "The Writing Master," by William Brough; "The Fairy Oak," by H. R. Addison; and a number of miscellaneous articles, making altogether the dullest number of that periodical which has yet appeared.

*The Ladies' Companion* is pleasant and miscellaneous. There is a chapter upon eggs—opening, curiously enough, with a speculation upon what the world would do without eggs; about as fruitful a question as that celebrated debate of the old School-

men, as to whether the egg or the fowl was first created. Also an account of a visit to the Botanic Garden at Amsterdam, by Mrs. C. A. White; a sketch of the last voyage of Sir Walter Raleigh; an article on the Mediæval Court at the Crystal Palace, by H. G. Adams; some lively "Reminiscences of the Opera," by E. H. Malcolm; and a carefully written account of "Lace and Lace-making." These are some of the best features in the number.

*The Dublin University Magazine*.—The leading features of the present number are an article on the United States navy, and another upon the question of revising the translation of the Bible. The former is aimed against some time-honoured opinions as to the danger to be apprehended from a naval war with America, and the second pronounces against interfering with the popular belief in the infallibility of the present version. We cannot entirely agree with the conclusion of either writer.

*The Monthly Review*.—The only remarkable article in this number is one upon "Matter of Fact and Matter of Fiction," the writer of which, by way of rendering palatable a very weak disquisition upon one or two recent novels, discharges some still weaker abuse at the heads of the literary critics of the periodical press. With the exception of the critics of two journals (which the writer honours with his approbation), the rest are mere slashers of the Bludger school, who cut up a book ferociously, and then sell it for eightpence, in order to buy themselves a dinner with spirituous concomitants. Be this the case or be it not, we are quite sure that the average result is a species of criticism of a far higher order than the writer in the *Monthly Review* is ever likely to attain.

*The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England* opens with a valuable collection of the Statistics of the Corn Trade from 1828 to 1855. Mr. J. E. Denison's report on the Agricultural Department of the Paris Exhibition follows. Other valuable papers are: Mr. Bell's report on the Agriculture of Durham; Professor Henfrey's Elementary Introduction to Vegetable Physiology; Mr. Way's treatise on the Composition of Waters of Land Drainage and Rain; Professor Bushman's essays on British Meadow and Pasture Grasses, and on the Roots of the Wheat Plant; Dr. Voelcker's paper on the Composition of Farm-yard Manure; Mr. Horsfall on the Management of Dairy Cattle; and Liebig's essay on some points in Agricultural Chemistry.

*Blackwood*, for September, carries us deeply into the heart of that excellent novel, "The Athelings." The Sea-side Rambles are continued, and will bring welcome information to hundreds of loungers on the shores at this season.

*Putnam's Monthly* is the best of the American magazines. The August number has a great variety of papers, some serious, some comic, and a few poems of more than magazine merit. The best articles are tours and travels.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

Does any reader desire to know of the existence of a Happy Island? We shall inform him of one. It may be late in the season to visit it now; but assuredly the one who is able to emancipate himself from London din for a few weeks in the autumn, and who does not care to cast eyes on the vanities, frivolities, and insipidities of Margate, Brighton, and Boulogne, will make note of our information, and avail himself of it at the first convenient season. If he will obligingly refer to a map of Denmark, he will perceive a number of islands on the west coast, at no great distance from the mainland of Schleswig, the most remarkable in shape and size being Syltøe. A little to the south of Syltøe, is Amrumøe, in shape resembling a crescent moon. These two shelter from the violence of the ocean Föhr Island, which lies between them and the mainland, and this is our Happy Island. It is asserted that once it formed a portion of the mainland, and derived its name from the ferry which was established, after it had been separated from the coast by the inroads of the ocean. This much is certain, that in former ages the Duchy of Schleswig, or rather South Jutland, was deeply indented by arms of the sea, which, uniting in the course of time, swallowed up immense tracts of land. Whole parishes, and more than fifty churches, which once stood on the west coast of Schleswig, are now buried beneath the waters of the ocean. Föhr has sprung into notice within the last few years as an excellent bathing-place. It becomes a serious rival to Heligoland, from which it may be reached by steam in about four hours. If your captain should happen to be a Heligolander, however, he may run you on a mud-bank, where you will be

delayed until the rising of the tide, as a penalty for quitting his favourite island. But once in Vick, the principal town in the island, make up your mind that your lines have fallen in a pleasant place. True, the houses are not imposing—they are low, and covered with thatch; but without and within they are clean, neat, and tidy. The beds are let into the walls, two or three in a tier, in the manner of berths in a ship's cabin; but they are clean, and you will enjoy a sound sleep. You will find no well-furnished hotels there; until of late years there was only one public-house in the place, which now has risen to the dimensions of a decent country inn. But the charm and interest of the place will be found in the inhabitants, who lead a life truly idyllic. There are no rogues and vagabonds in Föhr—no brawling and fighting—no voracious Ramegate cats to steal your joint and feed a family. Masters and servants live together in perfect harmony. Mistresses never scold; and cooks are never saucy. "The serving-maids don't here, as they do in Berlin," saith our informant, N. F. H. Strass, in his *Reisetagebücher* ("Journals of Travel"), "walk abroad in gay bonnets and silk parasols," an act of self-denial he highly approves of. Then:

Declarations on oath and fraudulent bankruptcies are hardly known by name; wicked debtors, who are insensible to personal arrest, there are none. Executions are extremely rare, divorce and thefts are unheard of, and all disputes are so smoothly arranged that actions at law never occur. Lawyers, who attempt to settle in Föhr, speedily leave it in order to avoid being starved. The prisons are in ruins and cannot be used. Most street and room doors have locks indeed, but no keys, and many houses can only be fastened from the outside. As a rule, doors and

windows are carelessly left open day and night, as it never occurs to a native to steal. Any theft that occurs is done by strangers. The honesty of the island is most wonderful! My bedroom-key, at the wish of my landlady, always lay on the kitchen table, and, though many people entered and left it in the course of the day, I never missed the smallest trifle.

Only one of our countrymen has made the discovery of the Happy Island seemingly—"a worthy Englishman from Sheffield, who, every summer leaves his home, with the sole view of shooting birds, although there are very few upon the island." The natives of the island are of Frisian descent, and their ancestors in heathen days sacrificed to various divinities, among others a goddess named Phoseta, or Pfosta—Vesta probably; but their early history is wrapped in much obscurity. The present islanders are highly praised for their personal cleanliness and the neat and primitive mode in which they dress.

The men of Föhr are strong, well-formed people, with open, honest and sagacious countenances. They are excellent sea-captains. They are an independent people. They value the liberties of others, but permit of no encroachment upon their own. The ancient Frisians, according to Tacitus, had the saying: *Phrisio pro libertate mortem appetit*. "Death rather than slavery!" Among the women and girls I observed many interesting, indeed handsome faces, and who, in their national dress, are often quite charming. On many the fair handkerchief, wound round the head like a hussar's cap, looks very becoming. Most possess a fair delicate complexion, and lively dark eyes. But, alas! they too often have bad teeth at an early age. Probably, as in the Tyrol, this arises from the hard work they have to perform; for, as there, they have to perform all the field work and attend to the cattle, because the men for the greater part of the

year are engaged in the sea. They Föhr are more than 100 over to pay the vocabulary and frugal for the tabling in which in arith Bell and which present Island. Mr. M. interest. We a knowledge Hungar Nyelvel people winter to one a game the brid the brid condition tain qu selected work a amplex, the inge 1. Nei vant gav restored never die 3. I have God has 5. Upon out with whole tra feet cam without mouth, while the 8. It ride wap! I twenty n house, b Put me o have a hi 11. Upon on the cla the blink wood wat the iron h goes thro wood is fu and they are two a can distin it down through the road a out nor in does God are there most hair 25. Whic between t grow? 28 rogue in head in the church be 32. What Such o a mere p of those a charge of fault. "W the wise another. wittydness proverbs a sophical t mother-h cannot be any given had a goo riddles to deferred i a note to

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year are employed in navigation, as the Tyrolese are engaged in hunting.

They are, moreover, a hospitable people, these Föhr islanders. They are attentive and courteous to strangers, and look for courtesy, less than lucre, in return. German is spoken all over the island; and the stranger, who would pay them a visit, would do well to look over his vocabulary beforehand. They tax themselves, and manage their own local affairs in a very frugal and effective manner. They have schools for the young; and even a fire-assurance establishment. Every village has its own school, in which boys intended for the sea are instructed in arithmetic, geometry, and mathematics. The Bell and Lancaster method of instruction is that which has generally been adopted. For the present we have said enough about the Happy Island. Heligoland and Föhr could well supply Mr. Murray with the materials for another of his interesting guide-books.

We are always thankful for any addition to our knowledge of Hungarian literature and the Hungarian people. We learn from the *Magyar Nyelvézet* (Hungarian Philologist) that the people in remote villages often spend the long winter evenings very pleasantly, putting riddles to one another. In some districts, as in Rabau, a game at riddles is a marriage custom. When the bridegroom's train has arrived at the house of the bride, she is only delivered up to him on condition that he gives a proper answer to certain questions put to him. The riddles are often selected from the Bible. The contributor to the work above mentioned gives a hundred examples, a portion of which we extract, to exercise the ingenuity of the reader.

1. Neither master nor servant had it; yet the servant gave it to the master, and afterwards the master restored it to the servant. 2. It was never born and never dies; it has served God, and still is not blessed. 3. I have it, thou hast it, the old stump has it; but God has it not. 4. Where has God himself not been? 5. Upon a tree without a root came a bird without wings or beak; yet he consumed the whole tree. 6. Birds without wings and without feet came and sat on a tree; by came one without feet, and consumed them all without a mouth. 7. It was since the world began, and will be while the world lasts, and yet it is not a year old. 8. It rides along *tip, tap!* and carries on its back *wip, wop!* It has four ears and four eyes, and four and twenty nails only. 9. Small as a mouse, high as a house, bitter as the gall, but enjoyed over all. 10. Put me on, one cries; take me off, one smiles; oft I have a hundred eyes, but all are useless to see with. 11. Upon two feet a barrel; upon the barrel a clapper; on the clapper a snorer; on the snorer a blinker; on the blinker a wood. 12. Upon the earth wood, on the wood water, on the water stone, on the stone iron, on the iron living flesh. 13. It has eight legs, and yet goes through the water and wets four only. 14. A wood is full of red cows; comes a black among them and they all run away. 15. In a small flask there are two sorts of wine; the colour of the two no one can distinguish. 16. Throw it aloft it is white; falls it down it is yellow. 17. How far does a hare run through the wood? 18. Why does a hare run over the road? 19. Where are we when we are neither out nor in? 20. When is the goat a goat? 21. What does God make when it rains? 22. How many hairs are there on an ox? 23. On which side has the ox most hairs? 24. Where may you see half a man? 25. Which note is best? 26. Who is the bald one between the two hairy? 27. Where does noble wine grow? 28. Inside husk, outside flesh. 29. A mocking raven in a wooden frock. 30. What walks upon its head in the church? 31. What voice is heard in the church before all the voices of the congregation? 32. What foal grazes upon bony meadows?

Such of the Hungarian riddles as depend upon a mere play upon words we have omitted. Some of those we have admitted may be liable to the charge of being "far-fetched." That is not our fault. We have been anxious solely to render the wise saws of one language into those of another. The genius of a people, or their sharp-wittedness, may be as soon discovered in their proverbs and every-day speech as in their philosophical treatises. There is a mother-wit and a mother-humour pertaining to every nation, which cannot be exactly rendered into the language of any given country by the best of linguists. We had a good mind to reserve the solutions of our riddles to a Christmas number; but, as hope deferred is rather disagreeable, we do our best in a note to satisfy the curious.\*

\* 1. John was not baptised, but he baptised Jesus, and Jesus afterwards baptised John. The latter fact (?) is a novelty. 2. The ass, which is *cast*, and which, proverbially, never dies, and upon which Christ rode. 3. Shadow. 4. At the last judgment. 5. A lighted candle. 6. Snow-flakes melted by the sun. 7. The moon. 8. A horse with

At Milan, the learned advocate Dr. C. J. Dandolo has published a work of historical interest—*La Signora di Monza a le streghe del Tirolo, processi famoso de 16 secolo* ("The Lady of Monza and the Bravoes of the Tirol, celebrated trials of the sixteenth century"). Those who have read "I Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni will recollect that most stirring episode in his stirring tale where the Lady of Monza is introduced. Rosini, also, has written a whole story on the Nun of Monza, "La Monaca di Monza," which may be inferior as a composition to Manzoni's, but which is equally fertile in the mysterious and the thrilling. Both writers found upon facts, and frequently refer to dates and authentic personages. All the facts are made public by Dandolo in the present work, as well as the processes against the witches of the Tirol in the seventeenth century. The first portion of the work is likely to be the most eagerly read. The Princess Virginia Maria de Leyva del Monte e del Monastero, of Spanish descent, had been compelled, for family reasons, to take the veil in the Convent of St. Margaret, of Monza, after having, in her father's name, as feudal lady of Monza, executed a deed in favour of the monks of St. Martin in Carobio, by which the holy brothers might indulge their piscatorial tastes at pleasure in the Lambro. After taking the veil, under the name of Gertrude, she was known as the *Lady*, and had more liberty, on account of her birth, than the rules of the order permitted. She maintained for several years a clandestine intercourse, both within and without the nunnery, with her lover, who, to her knowledge, murdered three nuns, in order to conceal their secret. At last, in 1609, he was brought to the halter, and she herself, with three nuns, who were aware of the birth of her children, were condemned to be immured—built up in the walls of the convent, as the Cardinal Borromeo found the scandal too gross. Nevertheless, he writes, in 1627, that the Princess had become a pattern of repentance. To the immured, a small hole in the wall was allowed, through which they could receive their food. The nuns died soon; but the Princess, after a time, was allowed to live at liberty in the nunnery. Arvigone, the priest who had conducted the love affairs, was sentenced for two years to the galleys. According to the evidence, he is said to have used magnets to seduce the nuns.

The admirers of the Ristori will find some particulars of her life in a little work published at Milan—*La Ristori, cenni critici e biografici*. The portrait of the lady, given with the book, none will accept as genuine by those who have seen her. She is a child of the stage; she appeared first at Turin in 1843, and afterwards, accompanied by her father, at Rome, Milan, Venice, &c. At Rome she became acquainted with the Marquess Capranica del Grillo; but her father placed so many difficulties in the way of their marriage, that at length they were obliged to go to the village chapel of Maremma, where they were married privately, in the presence of two witnesses. Paul Collet gives a biography of her first instructor, *Charlotte Marchioni*; and one also of *Marie de Solms*, grand-daughter of the Prince of Canino, Lucian Buonaparte—a mere compilation. Our neighbour, *The Field*, may desire to learn that horse-racing is in great vogue, at present, with our late Sardinian allies. A national horse-racing society has been founded, numbering, already, 237 members. Whether they call themselves a "Jockey-Club" we do not know; but they have published their rules, under the title *Regolamento per le corse di cavalli della Società nazionale*, at Turin. The avvocato, M. G. Canale, has published at Genoa a volume on the Crimea, —not a war book,—but *Della Crimea*, &c. ("The Crimea, its commerce and rulers, from the earliest to the present times.") The work is written in a liberal and intelligent spirit. *Vittoria Accoromboni* is the title of a tragedy in five acts, by an anonymous author. The subject may be known from Tieck. The stuff of the tragedy is heavy. But there are admirers of the modern Italian theatre, who may just thank us for this mention

his rider; the horse-shoes with six nails each. 9. A nut. 10. An iron chain. 11. A man—the legs, trunk, tongue, nose, eyes, and hair. 12. A grindstone. 13. A cow with calf. 14. The red embers in an oven disturbed by a poker. 15. An egg. 16. An egg. 17. To the midst; after which it must come out again. 18. Because it cannot run under. 19. On the threshold. 20. When there is no more than one goat. 21. Mud. 22. As many as there are on his skin. 23. The side on which he switches his tail. 24. In the pulpit. 25. The bank-note. 26. The carriage-pole. 27. Between the seed and the husk. 28. The crop of a fowl. 29. Wine. 30. A nail in a shoe. 31. The key of the church-door. 32. The scissars.

of a new piece, which is intended to take every one by surprise. The *Rivista Veneta* has an article, by Dr. Ricchetti, on the German author, Berthold Auerbach. After a critique on his merits as a writer, it adds:—

Auerbach is still in the bloom of life, and in full possession of his mental powers. He lives in Dresden. The little chamber in which he indites his poetry is so simple, that it reminds one rather of the bedroom of a German student than of the study of a successful author. His best writings are known in nearly every tongue of Europe. His solitary window overlooks the Elbe, the beautiful landscape of Dresden, and the hills beyond—Dresden, which has been called the Florence of Germany. There lives Auerbach, and from thence will his voice be heard again, telling us new stories, and evermore delighting us with novelties, while a public is to be found who delight in the beautiful, and who can feel gratitude towards a genius whose efforts are directed at once to elevate and entertain.

Talking of Dresden reminds us of one or two hand-books, calculated to make the traveller's way easy through that city and its neighbourhood. Weber's *Illustrirter Reisebibliothek* is one, Karl Schram's *Bilder und Skizzen aus Dresden und sächsischen Schweiz*, is another; and the *Dresdener Galeriebuch* is a third. Schram's sketches are humorous enough, and few can profit by the Dresden gallery without a guide-book. Better two thalers for a literary guide, than one thaler for a living guide, who chatters and shrugs in dealing out his common-places about art and artists.

The sixth and seventh parts of a remarkable work have appeared—*Geheime Geschichten und räthselhafte Menschen* ("Secret Histories and Mysterious Men").—In the sixth part we have an account of the "Two Counts of Schaumburg-Lippe," and of a "Fickle Prince, i.e., Prince Augustus of Holstein-Sonderburg-Norburg," born in 1639. Chr. von Rommel, the "Last of the Medici," Katherine I. of Russia, Prince Alexander Menschikov, and others, having strict relation to German or European history, are passed under review in these two volumes.

Hendrik Conscience's "Gold-Devil" has been translated into German, and is extending the renown of the Flemish writer. Among modern translators, Ernest Lafont has been greatly praised as a translator of Shakspeare into French—*Poèmes et Sonnets de W. Shakspeare*. Alfieri is said to be better known in France than our national bard. Extracts alone can enable the scholar to judge how far M. Lafont has succeeded as a translator. The following is a version of some lines placed in the mouth of Venus by the poet: let them be conferred with the original:—

Quand le fievre m'opre est sur pied, tu peux voir  
Comme il court et bondit, et met tout sans savoir  
A bien prendre le vent. Que de crochets, -e jalous  
Et d'habiles détours à travers mille encointes!  
Reprenant les chemins qu'il a faits dans la nuit,  
Il en forme un déla e où la moule le suit.

Again, and in conclusion, let the English reader who understands French discover the original of the following lines, and pronounce for himself on the value of M. Lafont's translation.

Mes deux yeux sont tournés vers le pâle Orient;  
C'est mon cœur qui les met tous deux en sentinelle,  
Et mes sens, de mes yeux encore se méfiant,  
Sont déjà réveillés devant l'aube nouvelle.  
Ah! je voudrais changer les chants de Philomèle  
En ceux de l'alaonette au doux gazouillement!  
Car son chant de la nuit chaste l'ombre trahisse,  
Et partant de l'aurore annonce le retour;  
Et, si la nuit s'en va, je vole à mon amour,  
Je renais à l'espoir et revêts ma maîtresse;  
Vous pouvez deviner d'où me vient ma tristesse,  
C'est qu'on m'a dit: "Demain, demain, au point du jour."

Si j'étais avec elle, oh! la nuit trait vite,  
Mais chaque soir, pour doubler mon chagrin,  
Semble sur le cadran allonger son chemin.  
O soleil! chaque fleur à revenir l'invite,  
Aux dépens de la nuit avance ta visite.  
Nuit! sois courtcée soir, mais plus longue demain!

The author has done his best to be exact. The difficulty he has had to contend with must be obvious to all who know how little capable the French language is to convey the sentiments of any foreign poet in a metrical form.

#### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

#### FRENCH.

Baron, L.—*La Bretagne Catholique*, Description historique et pittoresque, précédée d'une excursion dans le Bocage vendéen. Paris. 8vo.  
Bezon—*Dictionnaire général des tissus anciens et modernes*. Lyon. 8vo.  
Berteuil, A.—*L'Algérie française*. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo.  
Blaze de Bury, H.—*Musiciens contemporains*. Paris. 8vo.

Brumet, G.—Nouveau siècle de Louis XIV., ou choix de chansons historiques et satiriques presque toutes inédites, de 1634 à 1712. Paris. 18mo.  
Chevreul, H.—Étude sur le XVI. siècle. Hubert Languet. Paris. 8vo.  
Escourrou-Millière, A.—De l'Italie, agricole, industrielle, et artistique. Paris. 12mo.  
Gautier, P. A. Théophile.—Contes bizarres traités d'Achim d'Arnim. Paris. 18mo.  
Jauffe.—Les Aventures du chevalier Jauffe et de la belle Brunseende, traduites par Mary Lafon. Paris. 8vo.  
Méril, Ed.-stand du.—Floire et Blancheflor, poème du XIII. siècle, publié d'après les manuscrits. Paris. 16mo.

## GERMAN.

Bianco.—Die alte, &c. ("The Ancient University of Cologne, and the learned schools afterwards founded in this city.") Cologne. 8vo. 9s.  
Boxberger.—Andreas Hofer ("A. H., a cycle of Ballads"). Fulda. 16mo. 1s. 6d.  
Gregorovius, F.—Figuren, Geschichte, &c. ("Figures, history, life, and scenes in Italy.") Leipzig. 12mo.

## LATIN.

Huillard—Bréholles.—Chronicon Placentinum et chronicon de rebis in Italia gestis. Historiam stirpis imperatoris Suevorum illustrande aptissima, &c. Paris. 4to.

## FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sept. 13.

*Literary Gossip*.—"La Vie à bon Marché," a pamphlet attributed to M. Thiers, to M. Proudhon, and to the Emperor.—M. Scribe's works; his blunders in England; Le Verre d'Eau—New pieces—M. Ponsard—Mlle. Rachel, &c.

On ne donne qu'un riche. The *Siècle* informs us that Lamartine's "appeal" to the charity of the public been completely successful. From North America, and even the Brazils, subscriptions are flowing in in such numbers, that the "Cours Familier" bids fair to prove more remunerative than any previous production from his pen. Each Brazilian subscriber (says the *Siècle*) inscribes his name on an album, which will be sent to the great poet. The Emperor Dom Pedro has put down his name on the first page of this *libro d'oro*, and ministers, senators, councillors of state, and deputies have eagerly followed the example of their imperial master. At the departure of the steamer the city of Rio alone had furnished fifteen hundred subscribers, which, at one louis each, makes 30,000*fr.* or 1200*l.*

A French gentleman named Fauche has been perpetrating a translation of the Sanscrit epic, the *Ramayana* of Valmeeki. He has done his work in a manner decidedly creditable to him; but it is to be feared that if old Valmeeki were able to see translated into very prosaic French the immortal stanzas which he so highly prized that he promised an immunity from all earthly ills, including death, to those who perused them, he would exclaim, "traduttore traditore." The writer of this notice is so unfortunate as to be afflicted with the Sanscrit mania, but he cannot at all join in the enthusiasm which it is the fashion to indulge in among scholars, whenever the title of the work is mentioned. Making every allowance for Eastern hyperbole, in this instance it is so remarkably extravagant as to border upon the burlesque. We are aware it is the fashion to compare the work to the "Odyssey," and to call Valmeeki the Sanscrit Homer. This we consider an odious libel on the great old Greek. As all your readers are supposed to have read Homer, and as, without the least imputation against their scholarly attainments, it may be supposed as well that all of them are not familiar with the "tongue of Brahmah," we propose laying before them a brief sketch of the "marvellous history of Prince Rama, and his adventurous expedition against the great dragon Ravuna, the enemy of the gods."

Once upon a time, several thousands of years before the earth was created (saith Valmeeki, whose inconsistencies the reader must not be startled at), a mighty giant, Ravuna, ruled supreme in the isle of Ceylon. His power, strength, and wickedness were such that all the gods were as terrified at his wrath as the denizens of the heathen Olympus at the preparations of the Titans for storming heaven. Alarmed lest the day should come when Ravuna, emboldened by success and impunity, should commit a *coup d'état*, and shoot or transport to swampy snake-and-toad-filled marshes, breathing pestilence and death, their godly selves, they addressed a petition to Brahma—who, touched by their complaints, promised he would take the matter into consideration, and that in a few centuries Ravuna should be brought to book. Indian deities have, with all their weaknesses, one good point about them. When they make a promise they keep it, and, had mankind followed their example, the well-known French proverb, "promettre et tenir sont deux," would never have been inscribed in the book of wisdom. He sets to work, and in due time Rama, who is no other than Vishnu, is brought into the world, in a somewhat miraculous manner, by means of a divine beverage which King Dacaratha induces his favourite wife, the fair Kasecalya, to partake of. The reason of this metamorphosis is that, according to the decree of Brahma, Ravuna can only be conquered by a man. He speedily grows up, and, until he reaches the age of manhood, nothing important takes place; but at that time he, like Norval on

the Grampian Hills, leaves his father's palace and proceeds on his mission to slaughter Ravuna. Brahma provides him with powerful allies, the offspring of a monstrous marriage of minor divinities with gigantic apes. With their assistance, Ravuna finally succeeds in dispatching the *l'homme à deux têtes*, and lives in a state of unmixed happiness with his wife Sita, and Lakshmana, his brother.

*La Vie à bon Marché*. A pamphlet under this always attractive title is just now in everybody's hands, and is said to have produced an impression in the only quarter capable of carrying the views of the writer into effect. It is well written; and after a terrible picture of the misery of the poor throughout the country, particularly in Paris, in consequence of the high price of provisions, lodging, and every necessary of life, the author points out the remedy: which is in substance free-trade, thinly disguised, in order not to alarm the large class of manufacturers and masses of citizens whose industry would be, in the first instance at least, affected by any change of the nature proposed. He shows by irrefragable calculation that the soil of France, by proper cultivation and a judicious expenditure of capital, might produce more than double the quantity of cereal food it now bears. It calls on the Government to expend the revenue of the State in this manner, and thus benefit the country at large and permanently, instead of spending millions upon millions on the embellishments of Paris, which is simply taxing the nation at large to give employment to a few hundreds of Parisian workmen, who will be reduced to necessity whenever their work is brought to an end; whereas the writer contends that his plans would increase the trade and commerce of the country, and give life to agriculture, and thus enable individuals, by the general extension of prosperity, to build and give employment where it is now sustained by artificial means, and paid for by taxes on the people. There are many surmises as to the author: an ex-minister under Louis-Philippe, ex-representatives of the people during the Republic, friends of the Emperor, and the Emperor himself, have all been named in turn as the writer. Who he really is, remains a well-guarded secret; but the number of copies sold is said to be something immense. It is published at five sous, and is the strongest demonstration against "protection" yet made in France. "A straw thrown up shows which way the wind blows."

Scribe, the French dramatist, has long been looked up to as the head of our theatrical writers; and, judging by success, he is certainly entitled to that position, for his works have produced between four and five thousand pounds per annum for many years—a large fortune in France, and, indeed, wonderful anywhere, to be altogether realised by theatrical productions: more particularly when, as in the case of Scribe, the playwright is neither a poet nor a painter of character, nor possessed of eloquence, passion, humour, or originality. What then, you will ask, enables him to write so many popular plays? Why, he has been born with a certain power of construction applied to the drama which probably no man was ever before gifted with. He will take a number of characters, not one of them of the slightest interest—they generally consist of a pair of lovers (occasionally the lady has two), and a couple of elders, with a few nobodies to fill up the canvas—and with these simple materials to work upon, he presents to the public a comedy, or a sketch of society in a vaudeville, which will keep them in a state of palpitating excitement, sadness alternating with gaiety, for hours together. His dialogue is always smart and graceful, and occasionally a repartee betrays an approach to wit. This is M. Scribe's nearest approach to the *ris comica*; but of the rich genuine humour of the olden masters he has nothing. His success commenced early, and his dexterity in dramatic construction soon pointed him out among the theatrical writers of the day, as the most valuable of coadjutors, and hence his desk was ever crammed with new pieces by a host of authors beseeching his collaboration. Here Scribe was in his element, his talent lying not in invention, but in arranging the inventions of others: he reshuffled the cards; every character found its proper place, a judicious omission here, a happy addition there, and a well applied *bon mot* on some passing folly of the day, completed his task—and a *comédie*, an *opéra comique*, or a *vaudeville*, was thus turned out with little trouble to Scribe, and with which managers, the public; and the original writer were equally delighted. His name appears as the author of some hundreds of works of this kind, which have made the tour of France and Europe; but scarcely a single one was composed without the aid of a *sociétaire*. The name of Scribe, of course, became a passport to every theatre, and the just laws of France, which secure to the author a share of the receipts of every representation of his works, soon put him in possession of a handsome competence. Two, and sometimes above that number, of his productions have been acted at more than a hundred theatres in France on the same night, and the rich harvest carefully gathered speedily transformed the lucky Scribe (forgive the pun) into a wealthy landed proprietor. M. Scribe is a member of the Institute, and he has received many other distinctions, being a Commander in the Legion of Honour, and possessor of various orders

the gifts of different crowned heads. He is also member of several foreign learned bodies—a fact which leads to some surprise, among Englishmen at least, whenever they see any of his pieces the action of which happens to be laid in England. For, setting Hume or English history of any sort quite out of the question, it appears inconceivable how a man of liberal education, or, indeed, any education at all, can possibly be so ignorant of the habits, manners, characters, and ordinary facts of England and its inhabitants, as M. Scribe shows himself to be. Taking, for example, the comedy of "Le Verre d'Eau," reckoned one of his best, the scene is laid at the court of Queen Anne, her Majesty, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duchess of Marlborough being the chief personages. The well-known Mrs. Masham (Abigail) becomes introduced to the Queen, according to Scribe, in the following extraordinary manner. She (Abigail) is shop-girl at a jeweller's in the city, and the Queen, who makes frequent purchases, but who is quite unknown to any one of the establishment (!), on one occasion has forgotten her purse; and, her Majesty having no money to pay for certain articles she has bought, *Abigail, the shop-girl, becomes security to the proprietor for the payment!* The royal memory is, however, at fault, and the Queen forgets to call and pay for the jewellery in question, whereat Mlle. Abigail, as well she may, gets very uneasy; when, being on some occasion at the West-end, she luckily sees the lady descending from her carriage. Mlle. Abigail loses no time in reminding the royal unknown of her "little bill." The Queen recognises her with a gracious smile, and desires her to call the following day upon her at the palace. On her arrival she is very much astonished to discover that the lady who had laid herself under this obligation to her is no less a personage than her Majesty Queen Anne! There are other things in this comedy scarcely less incongruous; but the notion of the Queen of England dealing at a jeweller's in London, and being unrecognised, added to the shop-girl going bail for her, is so glaring a display of ignorance of English habits, as to be scarcely allowable in writing of old Cathay, or of

The Anthrophophagi, or men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders—

particularly when the writer is a member of so renowned a body as the French Academy, and considering that the country written of is actually within sight of the shores of France.

These and other historic outrages, which shock the English spectator, are, however, unobserved by the French, and "Le Verre d'Eau" is one of the author's most popular plays. It had prodigious success on its first production some twenty years ago, and has lately been revived at the Français, with considerable *éclat*, and still attracts crowded houses. To part with M. Scribe on good terms, I may add that in private life he is much and justly esteemed, and, though not to be classed in the first rank of dramatists, he has produced a few *gems* of which any writer might be proud; and, having written (mostly, as I have said, in partnership), counting comedies, dramas, vaudevilles, and operas, close upon five hundred pieces, has experienced fewer failures than any man who has written for the stage. M. Scribe was born in 1791, and still continues to write. His works have gone through numerous editions, and a new one is now announced, which is to contain all the works of Scribe and Co., including his novels, of which he has also written a great many, but which bear no comparison in popularity with his plays.

M. Ponsard, who has already cleared 2000*l.* by his last comedy, *La Bourse*, has a new one in preparation, which, like the last, is to be produced at the Odéon. This is a secondary theatre; but, the Committee of the Français having unfortunately refused his now well-known comedy of "L'Honneur et l'Argent," which was accepted at once at the Odéon—where, by the way, its success retrieved the sinking fortunes of the theatre—Ponsard has since made it a point of honour to give the Odéon the first offer of all his productions.

M. Alexandre Dumas, jun., has just completed a comedy, intended for the Français. Its title was *Le Père Prodigue*; but it was suggested that malevolence might give an ill-natured signification to this name—the extravagance of the great romancer, his father, being well known to all the world. The title was consequently changed to *L'Argent*. Alexander le père has also a comedy accepted at the same theatre, which is in want of novelty at this moment. The absence of Rachel is severely felt; and it appears there is little chance of her reappearance before the autumn of 1857, for, though her health is returning, her restoration to complete health is evidently distant.

## AMERICA.

*The Sparrowgrass Papers; or Living in the Country*. By FREDERIC S. COZZENS. London: Sampson Low. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1856. ALL readers of the American journals must be by this time very familiar with *The Sparrowgrass Papers*, a series of humorous sketches which have appeared from time to time in the columns of the Transatlantic press. Extracts of these have,

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moreover, appeared in our own journals; so that our readers are in a manner familiar with these compositions, and we may, without further preface, proceed to lay before them a few short specimens, selected at hazard, from the entire collection.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass go to live in the country. Their troubles are various:

#### MRS. SPARROWGRASS'S HENS.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a gra-shopper and not a chirp louder. Of course, we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs; to which Mrs. S. replied, "Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow." "Crow," said I, faintly, "our hens crowing! Then by the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn, we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I, "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters."

To comfort himself for these and similar mishaps, Mr. Sparrowgrass bought a bugle; but his ill-luck in this matter should be a warning to all amateur lovers of music in general.

I have bought me a bugle. A bugle is a good thing to have in the country. The man of whom I bought it said it had an easy draught, so that a child could fill it. He asked me if I would try it. I told him I would prefer not, as my wind was not in order; but that when I got out in my boat, the instrument should be critically tested. When I reached home, I could scarcely finish my tea on account of my bugle. The bugle was a secret. I meant to surprise Mrs. Sparrowgrass. Play I could not, but I would row off in the river, and blow a prolonged note softly; increasing it until it thrilled across the night like the dolorous trumpet of Roland at the rout of Roncesvalles. I slipped away, took the hidden instrument from the bushes, handled the sculls, and soon put five hundred feet of brine between me and the cottage. Then I unwrapped the paper, and lifted the copper clarion to my lips. I blew until I thought my head would burst, expanded my lungs to the utmost, and blew my eyes almost out of their sockets; but nothing came of it, saving a harsh, brassy note, within the metallic labyrinth. Then I attempted the persuasive, and finally coaxed a faint rhythmic sound from it that would have been inaudible at pistol-shot distance. But this was encouraging—I had got the hang of it. Little by little I succeeded, and at last articulated a melancholy B flat, whereupon I looked over at the cottage. It was not there—the boat had drifted down stream, two miles at least; so I had to tug up against the tide until I nearly reached home, when I took the precaution of dropping an anchor to windward, and once more exalted my horn. Obstinacy is a Sparrowgrassian virtue. My upper-lip, under the tuition of the mouth-piece, had puffed out into the worst kind of a blister, yet still I persevered. I mastered three notes of the gamut, and then pulled up for the front of the cottage. Now, said I, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, look out for an unexpected serenade. "Gnarty, Gar-rra-raa-poo-poo-poop-en-arr-ty! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta-rra-noop-en-taa-ty! Poopen-te-noopen-ta-ta! np! np! Graa-too-pen-tar-poopen-en-arry!" "Who is making that infernal noise?" said a voice on the shore. "Rrra-ty? 'rra-tar-poopen-tarty!" "Get out with you!" and a big stone fell splash in the water. This was too much to bear on my own premises, so I rowed up to the beach to punish the offender, whom I found to be my neighbour. "Oh, ho," said he, "Was that you, Sparrowgrass?" I said it was, and added, "You don't seem to be fond of music?" He said, not as a general thing, but he thought a tune on the fiddle, now and then, wasn't bad to take. I answered, that the relative merit of stringed and wind instruments had never been exactly settled; but if he preferred the former, he might stay at home and enjoy it, which would be better than intruding on my beach, and interrupting me when I was practising. With this, I locked up my boat, tucked the bugle under my arm, and marched off. Our neighbour merely laughed, and said nothing.

The man that hath not music in himself, &c.

When I reached my domicile, Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me who that was, "blowing a fish-horn?" I have in consequence given up music as a source of enjoyment since that evening.

#### HUNGARY.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

Pesth, September, 1856.

PERIODICALS have always performed an important part in literary development. They are the clearest

proofs of national greatness—the very barometers of intellectual state, or at least of momentary improvement, from one step to the other. The English are a happy people; their literature is already an universal one, the most splendid and the most extensive that ever existed; and we are convinced they owe it for the most part to their periodicals. France and Germany can boast of great scientific reviews; they are *los Matadores* among European nations. The Hungarians, until lately, had neither reviews nor periodicals worthy of their present yearly accumulating productions, or weighty enough to influence all strata of the nation. The formularies of some so-called collections, though inevitable degrees through which the oppressed spirit was obliged to proceed, would appear to a man of western culture ridiculous attempts, not even worth reading; and the mind of a scholar of classic learning would shrink at the cruel pedanticism committed on the spirit of Hellas or of Rome. Wicked partiality ruled over all enterprises, saucy haughtiness over all sayings and doings. *Tudomány* was always the motto of our men: "We must first know ourselves; what have we to do with foreigners?" Unhappy thinkers! they had forgotten that a people cannot perfectly know itself so long as it is ignorant of the others.

The "*Tudományos gyűjtemény*" was written under the superintendence of Horváth István, the formidable polyhistor for the whole public; yet the higher classes, both of birth and learning, looked upon it with contempt, and it failed. The years 1848 and 1849 threw the direction at one blow towards Western Europe. Immediately after the revolution, Toldy Ferenc came forward with his "*Uj Magyar Museum*" (New Hungarian Museum), which up to the present time has met with little success. The public could neither find its monthly numbers amusing, nor, as the prospectus stated, agreeably instructive. With the exception of a few reviews of classics, Greek and Latin, the whole series consists of a labyrinth of articles on old relics of codices, things perhaps important and interesting to a philologist, but not the most charming for a lady, nor for a gentleman engaged with other branches of science. A similar want of discretion and tact has been shown in the "*Nemzeti Könyvtár*" (National Library); instead of giving the most valuable works of our literature into the hands of our *crème céleste*, the editor bored his subscribers with peevish fragments from the Prayer-book of Count Eszterházy, or of the Chronicle of Szalárdy from the seventeenth century, a time when the literature stood at the same level in Hungary as in England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Thus failed also this undertaking. Meanwhile the popular direction commenced, though the ice was broken by enterprises which aimed only at the filling of the *librairie éditeur's* pocket; for example, the "*Magyar-nép Könyve*" (Book for the Hungarian People), "*Magyar-nép Könyvtára*" (Library for the Hungarian People), or the "*Család Könyve*" (Book of the Family). I have just received the first volume of the "*Keletnépe*" (People of the East), and may confirm my former assertion, that the nation is yet alive. Török János, the indefatigable conductor of the "*Magyar Sajtó*," a man of extraordinary energy and steadiness of purpose, has brought his scheme to a good end. He has sought to erect on the shores of the old Ister a sort of Literary Crystal Palace, under the vaults of which Attila's sons, at last reconciled with one another, shall be able fraternally to re-unite their formidable arms, not to the terror of the world, but to exhibit to it the trophies they have won from the plains of science and art, industry and literature. M. Török has succeeded in gaining all our forces to edit, under the above-mentioned title, a great six-weekly periodical for all classes of the nation. As to its interior form, that of the French "*Revue de Deux Mondes*" was determined on, and the whole annual series is to consist of 100 sheets. The day for publishing the first number was very cleverly chosen. The public expected it with great anxiety, so much despair having long been felt as to the future literary activity of Hungary; and now the festivity of St. Stephen's Day has been this year doubly celebrated. The first volume appeared on that day and filled our breasts with hope. It contains some very interesting sketches, though, for want of time, the conductor has not been able to collect all the materials which he purposed.

*Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos.*

Under this motto M. Török opens his leading article, and harangues the Hungarians in a fervid oratorical strain. The three following articles, from the pens of MM. Mészáros, Török Sándor, and Baron Kemény, make the reader acquainted with the merits and genealogy of the Count Széchenyi István, the greatest Hungarian count, to whom Hungary owes the steamboat, the railway, and the academy, and Pesth its imposing bridge; and who became, at the unfortunate time of 1848, bereft of his mental power. Young Székely has contributed a tersely written memoir, entitled "*Kelet népe*;" the clever actor Egressy an article on the past and present state of our national theatre; Greguss a paper on our present light literature; and while Toldy Ferenc raises the veil which covers the circumstances of our Academy, Dr. Hegedűs treats of the literary history of our jurisprudence. The volume is completed by

Dr. Wenzel and Kovács Pál, by the former with an erudite discussion entitled "*Magyar történelem*," by the latter with two acts of his comedy, "*Pál fordulása*." The whole is a proof of the good spirit revived amongst us—of our conviction of the necessity for literary coalition.

The whole destiny of our race, the whole future of our literature, depends upon this undertaking. Now the old are weak, and the young rebel against them; the authority of our Academy is broken, that of the classical direction trodden under foot. If this undertaking meets with success, our forces are reunited.

#### ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, August 1st.

*The Season—Theatres and Madame Ristori—The New Railway—St. Paul's and Sacred Art—The Tabularium and Christian Museum—Excavations—Literary Academies and Archeologic Literature—Marchesi's Annals of St. Mar's.*

IN these canicular days, when scarcely any foreigner remains in Rome, I find residence here, spite of social desertion and intense heats, accompanied with an indescribable heaviness of atmosphere in the hours nearest to noon, by no means disagreeable, nor without more than sufficient, even externally, to fill and occupy every reflective or studious existence. Delicious morning-hours, evenings always cool and pleasant enough for exercise, and glorious nights, are the counterbalancing advantages of the much-dreaded mid-summer heats in this city, where the dread of malaria fever is entertained to exaggerated degree by strangers, but little shared by natives or those aware what simple precautions are sufficient against its attacks. Public amusements are almost entirely at a standstill; but we have still the diurnal theatre in the mausoleum of Augustus—that strange irony on the vanities of human greatness, converting the sepulchre of earth's most mighty ones into a second-rate playhouse, with a little moveable stage, like a wooden toy, where the open-air performances are brought to a close about sunset, after frequent interruptions, very trying to the actors, from the pealing of countless church bells that ring the quarters in the neighbourhood. A company is now acting in the "*Correo*," as this theatre is vulgarly called, whose heroine, named Biagini, takes a high range of serious characters, nor without talent sufficient to sustain many with success. She is a young lady, of countenance not beautiful, but highly expressive, the daughter of a Roman family in respectable position, who has, I understand, devoted herself to the stage from pure love of her art, after already winning reputation as an amateur in a company which every winter gives a series of weekly performances here, before an invited public, in the pretty little theatre of Duke Cesari's palace. Of new pieces brought out this season, the most successful, the only one, I believe, deserving notice as belonging to the national drama, has been *Filippo Maria Visconti*, by Giacinto Battaglia, a name already known in the literature of that province. This is, though not strictly tragic, a serious prose drama, in four acts, the story taken from the Milanese annals of the period when the power of the Visconti was about to pass by inheritance to the Sforzas; the facts of history being generally adhered to; the dialogue spirited and natural; the situations effectively contrasting the fate of the declining and rising house—the infirm and irritable old Duke betrayed or deserted by former friends, and the gallant soldier of fortune whose star is ascending, in proportion as that of the Visconti is setting. The character of the Duke, physically and morally enfeebled, yet with fire and energy still lingering, proud, suspicious, and inconsequent, was given by the manager of this company, Pizzana, with an ability that might have won honours in a much higher sphere of professional effort, a truthfulness in some passages deeply pathetic; that of his unjustly suspected, faithful, and high-minded wife by Mademoiselle Biagini, in a manner that could scarcely, I think, have been surpassed by Ristori herself—an artist whose brilliant career beyond the Alps contrasts singularly with the comparative neglect her talents (though generally recognised by critics) used to encounter, season after season, at Rome, during the period of between ten and eleven years that she had been before the public in Italy, unknown to any other country. That great actress, after the first flush of admiration excited by her youth and beauty was over, used frequently to perform to empty benches at the dingy *Teatro Valle* here (where I have heard many of her best efforts coldly applauded); and the opposition between her southern and northern career but serves to illustrate the extremely low position of the stage and its artists in Italy, the neglect of the fashionable world of this country to the drama as confronted with the opera, an absorbing taste for which secures more brilliant triumphs to second or third-rate vocalists in Rome and Naples than to the highest tragedian. In respect to Northern Italy, however, certainly to Piedmont, I must altogether revoke such judgment, both as to the standing and public support of the drama, and the special appreciation of Madame Ristori, who at Turin, Genoa

and Venice, used to be welcomed with enthusiasm. The other theatres besides the "Correo" now in activity here are of the lowest description, though the Marionettes and "Pulcinella," there to be seen, are no doubt admirable in their way, and worthy the very few *baioochi* paid for admission. There was an attempt at interference with the stage by police at the beginning of this summer's season in Rome, that forms a curious counterpart, but in every principle and result contrasted, with the movement for and against music in the parks on Sunday in London. No police, no Pope or ministry, ever thought of obliging the theatres of this city to be closed on Sunday—the evening, of all others, when Italian populations, high and low, crowd to the theatres—when the most unfashionable house has a public, the most mediocre company, vocalist or dramatic, is sure of some applause and profits. But the present Minister of Police, a prelate, suggested that, because the performances at the Mausoleum coincided with the hours of solemn Vespers, such profanity should be stopped in the *par excellence*, holy city. The intention was announced; but so great the storm of public indignation, that this Government, little though it be accustomed to take popular opinion into the slightest account on any subject whatever, deemed it best to yield with sage toleration, only insisting so far as that the hour of performance on Sunday should be a little later, when the last chant of Vespers has died away.

The Frascati Railway was opened and blessed with much pomp, choral music on a decorated platform, a prelate officiating and cardinals assisting; while, near the station at Frascati were allegoric statues (of ephemeral materials), Latin inscriptions, and a company of singers, who performed a canzone written and set to music for the occasion. But already has the whole enterprise been compromised and lost character with the public—accidents (none, however, with injury to life and limb), and delays that have kept parties out of Rome till midnight, or prevented them from reaching the Tusculan hills at all, having occurred within the first fortnight or so in ill-omened frequency. Surely, had imperial Rome been concerned in this mighty undertaking for twelve miles of steam-travel-

ling, which the modern city has had to wait for about six years since the commencement, the Augurs would have warned against it, the entrails remained unconsumed, the sacred chickens refused to peck.

In addition to the already profuse and gorgeous decorations of St. Paul's, commission has been given by the Pope to the sculptors Jacometti and Ravelli, for a group of angels, to surmount the great western portal; also to Agricola, for the design of a mosaic, to fill the upper part of this façade, in place of that destroyed by the conflagration, and to reproduce the leading idea, grouping, and mystic significations of the ancient one: above, in the tympanum, the Redeemer bestowing benediction on the universe, between the figures of Saints Peter and Paul; and below, the Lamb of God standing on the Mount, from which flow four streams, typifying the rivers of Eden and the exhaustless fountains of divine grace; laterally to which appear the mystic cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and between them the four greater Prophets. Agricola has submitted his sketch to Pius IX. before commencing his cartoons for this mosaic, and received full approbation. But how, one may ask, can authorities here be so blind to the interests and claims of high art in connection with this renovated Basilica, the most vast and magnificent temple of modern times, as to omit engaging such men as Overbeck and Cornelius, both in Rome, and in the full possession of their genius, if past the meridian of their powers for execution, to adorn its interior by one single creation of those pencils that have restored the sentiment of Christianity in painting? How can we look at the two frescoes which alone adorn, as yet, the interior of this Basilica,—the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, by Gagliardi, and that of St. Paul, by Balbi—without amazement at the unworthiness of the competitors selected for clothing with life the vast surfaces of its marble walls? At the last great solemnity here, on the 30th June, when the Pope assisted in state at High Mass, with several cardinals and the Benedictines of the ancient monastery adjoining, were first exhibited the marble tablets containing the names of all the dignitaries assistant at the consecration on the 10th December 1854, set

into the walls of the apse that terminates the splendid interior. The entablature of Carrara marble, to be supported on columns of Oriental alabaster, over the great portal, was then lying, ready for erection, on the pavement. Externally much remains to finish, both in the façade and campanile; but so utterly tasteless and meaningless is the whole pile, regarded merely in its exterior, that no interest can be felt in its progress.

I have since visited Jacometti's studio, but found only the first sketch prepared for the subject assigned to him in this Basilica—one of two Angels supporting the Papal shield. His group of the "Ecce Homo," to form a companion to that of the "Traitorous Kiss of Judas," at the Scala Santa, is not far from completion in the marble, and seems to me deeply affecting: the head of the Redeemer full of divine resignation and sorrow, that of Pilate haughtily cold and official—this contrast powerfully, indeed wonderfully, brought out. In the same studio is now being prepared the marbles of the colossal Moses, a finely-conceived figure for the Immaculate Conception Memorial. In about two years, it is expected, this great monument may be brought to completion with all its statuary and reliefs. Already is the lofty pedestal rising above the circle of scaffoldings on the Piazza di Spagna, whence the elevation will be visible almost from the entrance into Rome by the Porta del Popolo. The bronze figure (the largest of all) of the Virgin, to crown the column, is to be cast in Rome, from the admired model by Obici. Opposite St. Maria Maggiore is now rising into prominence an object unique in this City—a Gothic church, in early pointed style, the most simple, designed by M. Wigley, a talented young architect, who has long resided here. Not of very large proportions, it yet promises a union of dignity with purity, and pertains to a convent lately purchased and enlarged by the Redemptorists, whose superior is an Englishman, Father Douglas. The Romans, I am told, are amazed at this novelty, and have compared it to a *granava*—exactly the description suited to the exteriors of many among their own churches, by Italian, not Northern architects.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

WANT of space prevented the insertion of the following subjects, which close our account of the papers read at the British Association.

Section F. (Economic Science and Statistics.)—Mr. W. M. Tait read a paper "On some Statistics bearing upon the relation existing between Poverty and Crime." It had been stated that guilt and poverty were closely connected; but this can be allowed only to a certain extent. The grossest frauds have been committed by persons even in a state of affluence (as the disclosures made in the *Lancet* proved); but among the classes most open to temptation, "want and distress, uncombined with dissolute habits, are rarely operative in producing crime." Poverty may be a predisposing cause of crime, but not so until allied to drunkenness and ignorance. Taking the authority of the Rev. J. Clay, the indefatigable and experienced chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, in the great strike of 1854 18,000 persons were thrown out of employment, and 8000 more injuriously affected. The strike commenced at a period of unusual prosperity, and yet the returns show that during six months of the strike, as compared with the six months which immediately preceded it, the committals were found to have decreased from 316 to 215. The summary convictions during the same period decreased from 232 to 116; and, as more than a third of such convictions were connected with drunkenness, "it is evident that diminished means must have checked the habit to a much greater extent than poverty had induced to crime." Taking the ten years from 1845 to 1854 inclusive, the returns afford sure evidence that crime increases with prosperity and diminishes with want. The committals to the sessions during the hard times of this period—that is, from 1846 to 1848—were, upon a yearly average, 332; while during the good times—from 1850 to 1853—they were 392. The yearly average of summary convictions was during the hard times 718; while during the good times it was 1249. Again, Captain Willis, Chief Constable of Manchester, shows also that the committals and summary convictions for the prosperous years 1844-1845 were 10,426; and for the two disastrous years 1847-1848 they were only 7635. The obvious causes are drunkenness and ignorance; for in years of distress the crimes attributable to intoxication were 17 per cent. of the whole; whereas in prosperous years they were 41 per cent. Much of this intoxication is the result of ignorance and of the consequent inaptitude to find amusement in other things. To show the extent of this ignorance, Mr. Clay mentions that of males with whom he had conversed, in

1853 and 1854, 41·7 per cent. of the whole number were incapable of reading; 36·3 per cent. were unable to repeat the Lord's Prayer with any approach to accuracy in the words, or a proper comprehension of the meaning; and 72 per cent. were unable to understand the import of the plainest language necessary to convey instruction in moral and religious truth. These facts afford a melancholy proof of the truth of the assertion of the connection between drunkenness and crime, and ignorance and crime. The remedy was confessedly difficult. Something might be done by getting rid of the monstrous anomaly of raising revenue from the vices of the people, as is now the case by the beerhouses. But, at any rate, it may be hoped that, as the vices of the upper classes are imitated by those below them, their virtues may have some influence, and, as temperance has taken the place of excess in the one case, so it may in the other.

Dr. Strang read an interesting paper "On the Money-rate of Wages of Labour in Glasgow and the West of Scotland." A correct chronicle of wages applied to different kinds of manufacture and handicraft, combined with the changing cost of the necessities and even the common luxuries of life, would form one of the most valuable contributions to economic science, as well as give a clear insight into the social condition of the labourer at any period of the country's history. With this view Dr. Strang said that he gave the following comparative statement of the rate of wages in Glasgow and the neighbourhood. Commencing with the cotton-spinners and power-loom weavers in the West of Scotland, whose numbers at present were about 30,000, it appears that the average weekly wages of the power-loom weavers in 1841 were 7s.; in 1851, 7s. 3d.; in 1856, 8s. 3d.;—and of the cotton-spinners in 1841, 21s.; in 1851, 21s.; in 1856, from 20s. to 35s. There had thus been a gradual rise, although no more, but even less, had been paid for weaving each piece of cloth, and for spinning each hank of yarn. Mills and machines have so altered the productive power that it was difficult to arrive at a correct average of wages; for while in the older factories a spinner could not gain more than 20s. a week, in the new mills, with improved machinery he could earn 35s. a week. In the one case a man manages 500 spindles; in the other from 1500 to 2000. The advance of wages had thus arisen from increased production in consequence of improved machinery, and yet also for less labour; for the spinners worked 69 hours in 1841, and only 60 in 1851. With regard to the rate obtained by workmen in mines and iron works, in 1852 it was 2s. 6d. a day, whereas in March last it was 5s.; and the average rate paid to workmen connected with the manufacture of pig and malleable iron, had risen from 25 to 50 per cent. on the wages paid in 1852.

The wages of engineers and mechanics had risen from 3·43 shillings in 1851, to 4s. in 1856, or about 14 per cent. In the case of workmen employed in building and house construction—the quarriers, who in 1851 received 16s. per week, in 1856 received 22s., or about 37 per cent. more; masons, who in 1851 had 24s. per week, in 1856 obtained 25s., for the last three years, working only 57 hours per week, instead of, as before, 60; carpenters and joiners received in 1851 21s. per week of 60 hours, and in 1856 24s. per week of 57 hours; and common labourers connected with all matters of house construction had advanced from 12s. per week in 1851 to 17s. per week in 1856. Thus the rise had been greater for unskilled than for skilled labour. The deduction to be made from the foregoing statements and figures is this, that during the last five or six years a gradual and permanent rise seems to have been established in all wages connected with the leading industries, not only of Glasgow, but it may also be said of Great Britain and Ireland; and, taking into consideration the relief on all the great necessities of life (for such they must be called), tea, coffee, sugar, &c., which enter into the consumption of the labouring classes from fiscal burdens, it may be fairly affirmed that this most important body of the community is placed in a better position in the social scale than it was formerly in this country, and that with only temperance and frugality a labouring man has now the opportunity of placing himself in a state of comfort, and even of independence.

Section G.—Mr. Bessemer, in a paper "On the Manufacture of Iron and Steel without Fuel," showed the immense results that might be obtained by a simple application of some of the common principles of chemistry. Having for two years constantly directed his attention to the manufacture of malleable iron and steel, an entirely new view forced itself upon him, namely, that a much more intense heat could be produced, without any furnace or fuel, than could be obtained by any modifications previously used, avoiding thus the injurious action of mineral fuel on the iron under operation, and at the same time avoiding also the expense of the fuel. On this new field of inquiry Mr. Bessemer set out with the assumption "that crude iron contains about five per cent. of carbon; that carbon cannot exist at white heat in the presence of oxygen without uniting, and thus producing combustion; such combustion would proceed with a rapidity dependent on the amount of surface of carbon exposed; and that the temperature which the metal would acquire would be dependent on the rapidity with which the carbon and oxygen were made to combine; it was only necessary, therefore, to bring the carbon and oxygen together in such a manner that a vast surface should



be exposed to their mutual action, in order to produce a temperature hitherto unattainable in our largest furnaces." In order to test this theory, a cylindrical vessel of three feet high was constructed, somewhat like an ordinary cupola furnace, the interior of which was lined with fire-bricks. A mass of molten iron is poured into it; a blast of cold air is introduced; and by the union of the oxygen of the air with the carbon of the iron, the whole boils up, gives forth a brilliant flame, and in the process parts with all its carbon, and may be taken out in 30 minutes in any stage between steel and the softest iron, losing only 18 per cent. of metal; whereas by the ordinary process there was a loss of 28 per cent.; the masses of iron thus formed will be perfectly free from any admixture of cinder, oxide, or other extraneous matters, and will be far more pure and in a sounder state of manufacture than a pile formed of ordinary puddle bars. One of the most important results of this system is, that all iron so produced will be of the quality known as charcoal iron, although no charcoal is used; but the iron will be free from those injurious properties which mineral fuel never fails to impart to iron brought under its influence. The system also offers facility for making large shafts, cranks, and other heavy masses. Another important fact connected with the new process is, that at the stage of the process immediately following the boil, the whole of the crude iron has passed into the condition of cast steel of the ordinary quality. By continuing the process, the steel so produced gradually loses its small remaining portion of carbon, and passes successively from hard to soft steel, from soft steel; to steely iron, and eventually to very soft iron; hence at a certain period of the process any quality of the metal can be obtained. There is one particular point which Mr. Bessemer calls semi-steel, being in hardness about midway between ordinary cast-steel and soft malleable iron. It is not so brittle or hard to work as cast-steel, qualities rendering it well adapted to purposes where lightness and strength are required. The cost of this semi-steel will be a fraction less than iron; its tensile strength is some 30 or 40 per cent. greater than bar-iron; consequently, much less weight of metal may be used. These facts, promising such important results, Mr. Bessemer observed, must not be considered as mere laboratory experiments, but had been the result of working on a scale nearly twice as great as is pursued at present in our largest iron works.

As an instance of the triumph of science, we may notice the recovery of treasure from the steamer Pasha, which was run down in the straits of Malacca by the steamer Erin, in July 1851. The Pasha was known to have a valuable cargo on board at the time. After many fruitless attempts to discover the situation of the wreck, it was at length found in May 1855, by Messrs. Lovi and Marshall, who had voluntarily undertaken to recover the treasure; but, owing to the state of the weather, nothing could be done—buoys were, however, placed over the wreck. On returning thither early in January, the buoys could not be found; and it was not until the 20th of the month that the vessel was again discovered at a depth of 174 feet. Divers were sent down; but, owing to the muddy state of the water, little could at first be done. In March last, however, the treasure-room was found, and after about two months' operations, nearly four fifths, or about 60,000*l.*, was recovered, consisting of gold bar, leaf, and dust, sycee silver, and dollars, which was landed at Singapore. Mr. Lovi, the chief director, unfortunately did not live to complete the operations, having been obliged to return to Singapore, where he died in April last; Mr. Marshall being left to superintend the completion of this very arduous and difficult undertaking.

The Messrs. Grissell have lately completed an iron lighthouse for Bahama, a very curious specimen of engineering skill, and which is intended to be placed on the Great Isaac's Rock, on the Bahama Bank. The lighthouse is made of iron plates an inch and a quarter thick, jointed together with bolts and nuts; the whole supported by a cast-iron shaft in the centre, from which iron girders radiate so as to form the floors. The tower is 124 feet high, including the lantern, 25 feet in diameter at the base, and 15 feet at the top; it contains four rooms, besides the store-room and lanterns. In this last, which has a strong frame of gun metal, and is thickly glazed, there is a revolving light of 21 burners, fitted with parabolic reflectors—the whole weight being 300 tons. The cost is estimated at 10,000*l.*, or about half the cost of one built of masonry, viz. 6000*l.* for the structure, and 4000*l.* for removing the materials to the intended site, fixing, &c. It is proposed that the lighthouse should be erected and be lighted by the 1st December, 1857.

In 1840 the discovery was made by Dr. Schonbein of a principle in the atmosphere to which the name of ozone was given, and to which has been assigned a probable connection with certain states of the atmosphere affecting the public health—among other instances, its remarkable disappearance during the epidemic prevailing in the summer of 1854. In order to discover the amount of ozone, Dr. Schonbein invented the ozonometer, which consists simply of slips of paper prepared with iodide of potassium and starch. These papers are suspended so as to be exposed to the

free access of air, but not to the direct rays of the sun. When the paper is affected by ozone it is tinged with various shades of brown, of which the intensity is measured by a scale of ten gradations. This brown tinge is produced by the decomposition of the iodide of potassium. This test-paper, when immersed in water, assumes a blue tint, the intensity of which indicates the quantity of ozone. This is Dr. Schonbein's ozonometer. Dr. Moffat, of Bedford, prepares his paper by another formula, and in the directions for use this test paper is suspended in a box, so perforated as to admit a free passage of air, but not of light; when thus exposed to the action of air containing ozone, the prepared paper acquires a brown tinge, varying in intensity from 0° to 10°. Dr. Moffat's plan does not require the moistening of the paper for the blue tint. As the value of the observations depends altogether on their accuracy, these two tests were tried over a period of 18 months, when it appeared that while Dr. Schonbein's paper indicated the presence of ozone on 122 days, Dr. Moffat's papers were discoloured on 207 days—that is, Dr. Schonbein's paper failed on 85 days to record the action of the ozone, while Dr. Moffat's paper, on the other hand, never failed to receive a tinge when Dr. Schonbein's indicated ozone. It was thus proved to be more sensitive. As the fact of the absence or presence of ozone in the air seems, as before observed, intimately connected with the state of the public health, the sensitiveness of the test-papers is a matter of great importance in registering observations, and it is on this account that this trial was made and brought forward before the Meteorological Society.

A paper in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* on the Meteorology of England for the quarter ending June 30th, by Mr. J. Glaisher, gives the following results:—The mean temperature of the air was in April 46.8°, May 49.5°, June 58.5°, being for April slightly in excess, in May 3.5° below, and in June about the average. The daily range of the temperature was for April 19.1°, May 16.5°, June 20.8°. The temperature of the quarter was in defect to the amount of 13° as compared with the corresponding quarter of the preceding fifteen years. The rain-fall for April was 2.3 in., for May 3.5 in., being in both months slightly in excess. In June 1.6 in., or slightly in defect. The general direction of the wind for the quarter was West, and the least prevalent was East. The reading of the thermometer at or below 30° was in April 18 days, May 3 days, June 1 day; and above 40°, April 4 days, May 9 days, June 20 days. The mean lowest reading at night was 16°, and the highest 56.1°. During the quarter thunder was heard and lightning seen in various parts on twenty-three different days. Hail fell on ten different days in April, twenty in May, and four in June, chiefly in the South of England. An aurora was seen at Clifton on April 8th. Swallows were first seen at Bowden on the 6th of April. The cuckoo was first heard on the 13th of April at Guernsey and Allenheads, and the nightingale first heard also on the 13th at Newport. The highest reading of the thermometer in the quarter was 86.6° at Holkham, and the lowest 25.3° at Lampeter. In the Registrar-General's returns the following hint is given to those who are travelling on the Continent, as is usually the case at this season of the year—"that it is now well established by extensive observation that England is the healthiest country in Europe." France stands next to England in salubrity. In the Continental cities the annual rate of mortality is seldom less than 30 in 1000, the rate frequently rising to 40. In London the rate of mortality is 25 in 1000.

An experiment to test an invention for the prevention of steam-boiler explosions has lately been made at Manchester. The apparatus consists of an elbow-pipe connecting the furnace with the side-flue fixed just below the water-level of the boiler. This pipe is perforated with holes half an inch in diameter, so placed as to be subject to the immediate action of the furnace fire; metal plugs more or less fusible are placed in these holes. Should the water in the boiler, from neglect or otherwise, get below the level, this pipe is left bare, and the heat from the furnace melts the plugs, so that the steam escapes through the holes and immediately relieves the pressure in the boiler, so that the boiler cannot burst, and in a short time extinguishes the fire. The expense of the apparatus is trifling, and within a limited time it is calculated will repay the cost.

In the last number of *The Society of Arts Journal*, there is an account of a recently discovered lithographic stone, in Jamaica, on the banks of the White River, within three or four miles of Buff Bay. It is stated "to consist of a compact carbonate of lime, of a bluish-grey tint, and is suitable for lithographic, monumental and stuccary purposes, tablets, fonts, fountains, vases, hones, cement, &c."—At a late meeting of the Académie des Sciences, an invention was described for applying the force of tidal streams to motive purposes; and some experiments on the Tiber are stated to have given satisfactory results as far as tugging boats and barges up stream. But after experimenting in the Seine, with a model, a report made to the Académie shows that it will be better adapted to furnish motive power to workshops on the shore than to tractive purposes, which, even if successful, would encumber navigable streams. The

apparatus consists of an hydraulic chain passing round drums, which are supported by a series of wooden pyramids, with rectangular bases, intended to float on the surface, and yield to the current.—An addition has been made lately to the Zoological Gardens, of a large and brilliantly coloured species of turkey, long known as an inhabitant of Central America. This is the first specimen ever seen alive in this country.—A brilliant meteor was seen by Mr. Lowe, at the Deeston Observatory, near Nottingham, on the evening of August 31st, appearing first like a star of the third magnitude, rapidly increasing in size, until it attained to about two-thirds of that of the moon. Its duration was about two seconds, and it faded away instantly on attaining its maximum brightness. Many smaller meteors were visible during the evening.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE National Gallery and the Vernon Gallery are both closed for the usual holidays. They will reopen in six weeks, by which time the institution will be enriched by fresh works of the old masters. Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Otto Mündler are now in Italy, examining and buying pictures.—Baron Marochetti has not obtained the commission for the Wellington monument. Artists of all countries are invited to compete.—Messrs. Mayers Brothers, of 133, Regent-street, have invented a novel process in photography, by which they profess to have overcome a great disadvantage hitherto attendant on that wonderful application of science. It appears that, howsoever skilfully photographic pictures may be produced there still exists a probability that some of the peculiar acids used in their production may in the course of time gradually affect the recipient surface, and eventually destroy that which it was intended to perpetuate. Messrs. Mayers's patented process for imprinting on cloth or canvass promises to obviate this important objection. After having first obtained the likeness in the usual manner, on prepared canvass, they wash the whole of the cloth in some liquid which has the effect of discharging or neutralising the acids, and at the same time acts as a species of mordant for more strongly fixing the tints. The picture being then painted in oil-colours, the likeness may be considered indelible. We were much gratified with the specimens which we inspected; indeed, the process, if it stands the test of time, seems likely to produce a complete revolution in photographic manipulation.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent the *Illustrated News* a long Latin entry of the birth and baptism of Madame Vestris. Vestris was born on the 2nd of March, 1797, not the 2nd of March, 1796.—The *Press* of Brussels states that Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner, the celebrated singer, was married on Saturday last to M. Jochmann, the son of a millionaire, of Tilsit.—The reported death of the celebrated German basso Staudigl is contradicted by the *Musical Gazette* of Berlin; but, in doing so, it adds that his health is still in a very alarming state.

## LITERARY NEWS.

MR. BENTLEY, the publisher, has obtained the whole of Horace Walpole's unpublished correspondence with his friend and deputy in the Exchequer, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford. Old Mr. Bedford (the uncle of Southey's correspondent) was the channel of many of Walpole's unknown communications with the public papers, and at times of his many unostentatious charities. "Horry," as Lady Mary Wortley delighted to call him, will be found to have had a heart after all. His charitable sympathies were chiefly with poor prisoners for debt. This accession will give additional interest to the forthcoming edition of "Walpole's Letters."—In Scotland there has been more excitement among the booksellers to secure an early supply of "Dred" than was ever known before about any book. Nearly 8000 copies have already passed through the hands of an Edinburgh bookseller. The *Vienna Presse* announces that it is about to publish a German translation of Mrs. Stowe's new fiction, "Dred," in its feuilleton.—There appears at present in Italy 311 newspapers—partly political, partly scientific and artistic. They are distributed over the peninsula in the following way:—85 appear in Lombardy, 87 in Sardinia, 5 in Parma and Modena, 33 in Tuscany, 30 in the Papal dominions, and 56 in the Kingdom of both Sicilies.—Her Majesty has resolved to issue a medal to the Arctic Navigators in commemoration of their long and perilous service.—The Annual Congress of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has closed its labours, and fixed upon Montreal as the place of meeting for next year.—A gentleman of the name of John Shakespeare (who claims to be descended collaterally from the poet), resident not far from the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon, has given between 2000*l.* and

3000*l.*, in order that the small edifice in Henley-street may be separated from other buildings, and put in a condition to resist, as far as possible, the inroads of time.—The *Builder* notices an important invention in stenciling:—"One of the persons employed in the State printing-office of Vienna has made the discovery that plates of plaster of Paris will uniformly contract by a repeated washing with water, and still more if with spirits of wine. On this is based a process to produce both print (*drucksachen*) and woodcuts in various gradations of type and size, by a calculated diminution of the plaster of Paris plate. Already print and drawings have been made of a twelfth-part size, reduced from three inches to one inch in diameter, and yet even the reduction to the smallest size does not encroach on the perfect correctness of the impression."—The Council of the Society of Arts have received and adopted a recommendation from the Board of Examiners, to open "a public registry of all those persons who from time to time shall obtain the Society's certificates, and shall be desirous to procure employment. Through such a registry," the Board adds, "the Council would be enabled to afford to employers precise and accurate information—the result of a prolonged and searching inquiry—as to the attainments and intellectual ability of any of their certificated candidates."—On Sept. 3, the examination meeting in the case of Charles Douglas Hope, described as a publisher and bookseller, of Great Marlborough-street and Notting-hill, was held. It appeared from the accounts filed by the bankrupt, that in March 1854 he had a capital or surplus of 414*l.* He now owes to unsecured creditors 2743*l.*; to those holding security, 1600*l.*; liabilities (stated to be without consideration), 163*l.*; liabilities under insolvency in 1849, 2000*l.* The assets are about 400*l.*; property held by creditors, 150*l.* There was no statement of profits, but in the place usually occupied by that item appeared the following entry:—"Cash received from the Church reformers to carry on the *Courier* newspaper, 190*l.*" The trade expenses had been 570*l.*; loss on trading, 1984*l.*; other losses, by sale of stock, &c., 644*l.*; house and personal expenses (for 2½ years), 958*l.* The creditors are to a large extent proprietors of weekly papers in town and country, for advertisements, also paper-makers. The accounts were prepared by Messrs. Paul and Turner. Mr. Chamberlain, on the part of the assignees, did not object to the bankrupt passing, but examined him as to the circumstances under which certain books had been deposited with Mr. Hardy, a creditor for 1600*l.* The creditor held a bond for 650*l.*; and on a further advance of 200*l.* being made, the books were deposited as security. Bankrupt had also given Mr. Hardy a bill of sale on his furniture, but this had been given up. Mr. Pews appeared for the bankrupt, who consented to render an account of the stock deposited with Mr. Hardy; and on this condition he passed.

A beautiful mosaic pavement has been lately opened at Westerhofen, near Köln (Cologne). It covered the whole surface of the floor in the grand saloon of a superb Roman villa, of an oblong form, with a semicircular projection. The rectangular portion of the area has a superficial contents of 676 square feet, to which may be added 157 for the semicircular portion, giving a total of 833 square feet as the entire contents of this noble room. Within a very rich border of this semicircle are two well-drawn animals facing each other: the one a bull, with a cingulum; the other a bear, very true to nature. The oblong and principal portion is occupied by the representation of a deer-hunt, divided into compartments by five olive-trees, as a conventional representation of the wood. Betwixt the first two is a slave, holding the leash from which the dogs have been just slipped; then a second slave, with hunting javelin and quiver; in the next compartment are two dogs, in full chase, following a deer into the adjoining one, where it has already been seized at the throat by a third dog; whilst, in the last division, a doe seems, from its erected ears, to have just caught the baying of the dogs, and about to start from them. In the centre is the compluvium, of a square form, from whose four sides rise four square divisions, each occupied by sea monsters, governed by nereids, alternately seated on or leading them. The colours are still very vivid, white, blue, red, and dark green, though the various tints necessary to their relief are very varied, when necessary to give the requisite shades. The tesserae are very minute, and well agglutinated together; and, altogether, this work is a fine specimen of Roman art, and admired by the numerous archaeologists and artists who have visited it.

#### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

**PRINCESS'S.**—*Pizarro*: a tragic play, adapted from Von Kotzebue by Sheridan.  
**HAYMARKET.**—*As You Like It*.  
Whether magnificence of decoration ought or ought not to be a special object of study to managers is a question upon which so much has been written and said, that I have very little to say about it. I only know that when Mr. Macready managed Covent Garden, and produced some of the most remarkable

specimens of the art of *mise-en-scène* that had up to that time appeared (including more than one Shaksperian revival), the critics of those days—and there were critics then—were unanimous in their praise of his liberality, and what was called his veneration for our greatest bard. Now I am at a loss to understand how that which was praiseworthy in Mr. Macready can be otherwise in Mr. Kean. For my part, it seems to me that plays are, in regard to decoration, just as butter is proverbially said to stand with regard to cheese,—namely, that good ones deserve it, and bad ones require it. Wherefore I shall conclude it to be a settled thing that Mr. Kean honours a poet by presenting his works to the people in the richest possible dress, especially when that richness is mellowed by taste and a scholarly knowledge of the subject.

These remarks will apply as much to all the revivals which Mr. Kean has of late years presented with such extraordinary success as to the present one of *Pizarro*, which is not likely to be a success. It will fail, but for reasons quite beyond the power of Mr. Kean, excepting as regards his selection of the piece. It will fail, because it is as dull a piece as ever was put upon the stage, destitute alike of poetry and of nature. What cares twopenny for Pizarro, or for Rollo, or for Cato, or for Alonzo, or for the Inca, or for any single person who comes upon the stage, from the beginning of the first act to the close of the fifth? Certainly not I; and, in my opinion, certainly not the vast majority of the persons who witnessed the piece in my company. It is easy to know when you form part of a sympathetic audience.

This, however, is quite apart from the praise which is undoubtedly due to the acting of the piece, and to the splendid manner in which it is put upon the stage. Within the limits of their impossible parts, Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Cathcart, and Miss Heath were as good as it was possible to be. Tradition says that Mrs. Siddons made a superb Elvira. I suppose that Mrs. Siddons would have been superb in anything; but here it must have been in spite of the part.

As a series of magnificent tableaux nothing can exceed the scenes in *Pizarro*. The ancient glories of Peru, that empire whose monarchs rivalled their own Sun-god in the radiance of their splendour, are here realised to the spectator. The art of stage-decoration has achieved few greater triumphs than the scene in the Temple of the Sun, where the rising beams of the imaginary gild with living glory its own image upon the altar.

At the Haymarket Mr. Buckstone has revived *As You Like It* with great success. The cast is excellent—Chippendale as Old Adam, Howe as the melancholy Jacques, Compton as Touchstone, and Miss Booth, a *débütante* of great merit, as the lively Rosalind.

The Lyceum and Drury Lane open this very night, and I must, therefore, reserve my account of their proceedings for the next impression. JACQUES.

#### OBITUARY.

**SCHIMMELPENNINGE, Mrs.**, of Clifton, aged 78. Her work on "Port Royal" and its dependencies, many years ago published and circulated in the Dissenting world, besides displaying a thorough knowledge of languages, and of the bearings of the Jesuit and Jansenist controversy, was excellent as a piece of narrative. Her "Theory of Beauty and Deformity" was full of ingenious speculation and curious examples.

**WELD, Isaac Esq.**, of Ravenswell, Bray. Through a long life he had been identified with the progress of scientific investigation and the useful arts in Ireland. As honorary secretary of the Royal Dublin Society, and as its vice-president, his constant labour and generous efforts for above half a century were highly appreciated in Ireland and known favourably abroad. Mr. Weld was a gentleman of considerable literary taste, and his views of political constitutions, as embodied in a work published by him many years since, attracted considerable attention.

#### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Addy's Library: St. John's Legends of the Christian East, 2s. 6d. Annual Register for the Year 1856, Vol. XXVII. 8vo. 18s. 6d. Arthur Brandon, a Novel, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl. Beaumarchais and his Times, by J. Edwards, Vols. III. and IV., 21s. cl. Bowman's Poetry: selected for the Use of Schools, fcp. 8vo. 2s. cl. Bowstead's Practical Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl. Brey's Novels and Romances, Vol. II.: De Folk, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds. Colla's Frasin Latina, Part I., for Beginners, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.; Part II., for Advanced Pupils, 12mo. 3s. cl. Charm of Entertaining Knowledge, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Danielism, or Development of Religion of the "Son of Man," 1s. 6d. cl. Dumas, The Lady with the Camellias, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds. Emerson's English Traits, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds. Experiences of a Barrister, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds. Ferguson's Northern in Cumberland and Westmoreland, 5s. cl. Ferri's Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Forbes's Rite Mail, or Hindoo Annals of Goozerat, 2 vols. 4to. cl. Giegl's Series: Macleod's Class Atlas of Physical Geography, 2s. 6d. Grolvin's Stars and Stripes, 8vo. 2s. cl. swd. Hibbert's Book of the Water Cabinet, 12mo. 1s. swd. Hook's Maxwell, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 2s. cl. Humbert's Cast and Wrought Iron Bridges and Girders, Part I. 2s. 6d. Jameson's Communion of Labour, fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl. Laspelle's Callisthenes; or, Elements of Bodily Culture, 18mo. 8s. 6d. Lays of Memory, Sacred and Secular, by a Mother and Son, fcp. 8s. 6d. Noake's Notes and Queries for Worcestershire, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl. Our Miscellany, edited by E. H. Yates and P. B. Brough, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Parlor Library: James's Margaret Graham, 1s. 6d. Penny's Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Puff's Guide to the Tour, Autumn Supplement, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd. Salvo's Spanish and English Idiomatic Phrases, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Science of Mind; or, Pneumatology, Vol. I. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, by Singer and Lloyd, Vol. XI. fcp. 6s. Simpson's Was the Roman Army provided with Medical Men? 1s. 6d. Smith's Manual for the Genealogist, Topographer, &c. 8vo. 15s. cl. Smith's Treatise on the Principles of Equity, 8vo. 25s. cl.

Stewart's (Rev. J. H.) Memoir, by his Son, 8vo. 12s. 6d. Stowe's (Mrs.) Dred, a Tale, 2 vols. 12s.; 1 vol. 2s. 6d. Tilerach's Christian Family Life, 8vo. 5s. cl. Wallace's Outlines of Descriptive Geography, 18mo. 1s. swd. Williams's Law of Executors and Administrators, 2 vols. 12s. 6d. York's Original Researches in the Word of God, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.

**GEOGRAPHICAL ETYMOLOGIES.**—Under this head, *Il Piemonte*, a Turin paper, gives the following etymologies of the most important places of the theatre of war:—Alma, a river and mountain (from the Greek), nourishing, holy. Azof (Sea of), from the name of a town thus called in memory of Azof, a Polish prince, who possessed it about the year 1200. Balacava (Selave), handsome key (or a corruption of the Italian *bella chiave*, meaning the same), it having been for a time in the possession of the Genoese. Bakhiserai (Tartar), palace of the gardens. Belbeck or Balbeck (Russo-Tartare), beautiful mountain. Bug or Bog (Tartaro-Selave), affluent river. Bujuk-Uzen (Turkish), great river. Bujuk-Dere, great house. Crimea, from the Cimmeric peninsula. Erzerum, from Arzel-Rum (Turkish), city or country of the Romans, as Romelia, the country of the Rumelioti. Eupatoria, from Mithridates Eupator (good father). Euxine (Black Sea), from the Greek Eux and Xenos—well, good, propitious to strangers; the initial Eux is often to be met with in names of Greek origin, such as Euboea, Eugenei, Eupator, Euclides, Euphemia, Eugenia, to wit—good race, well-born. Yenik-Kaleh (Turkish), new castle; Yenik-Sala, new hamlet. Yenitch, new path. Kaffa, from Kaffirs (Tartar or Arab), infidel, namely, the Greeks, from whom the Tartars took it. Kamara (Greek), bow. Kamiesch, from Kamentz (Selave), stone. Kars, from the Celtic car, caer, stronghold, or more probably from the ancient Caria (it appears to be the same town as is called Karsia by Strabo). Kerson (Greek) and Kersonese, peninsula. Kerch (Turko-Selave), hard, difficult pass. Kinburn (Tartar), peninsula. Liman (Greek), harbour or bay at the mouth of a river. Nicolaeff (Greco-Russian), town of victory. Odessa (from Odessos), an ancient colony of the Milesians, little distant, according to some, from the present site of Otchakoff and, according to others, of Varna. Perekop (Greco-Russian), boundary, limit, frontier. Sebastopol (Greek), venerable town. Simpheropol (Greek), happy city. Tanagerog (Tartaro-Russian), a town at the mouth of a river. Taman (Tartar), nearly the Greek Liman. Tchernaya (Russian), black, an epithet of reka, river. Wanagora (Phanagoria), an ancient Greek colony, the name meaning a lighthouse across the rocks.

**THE ACTION OF COMPOUND INTEREST.**—A MAN TWO MILLION YEARS OF AGE.—We have been so often and so cruelly deceived in our estimates of the confidence to be placed in particular men, that we sometimes are half tempted to exclaim with the prophet "All men are liars, and there is no stability to be found in man." But if there be deception in the world, and there is much, too much of it, by far—have we not noble and redeeming exceptions? Ay, such they are indeed; and they form, we suppose, the "forty righteous persons" for whose sake the spiritual Gomorrah of the world is spared.

Professor Holloway, for example, whose universal remedies have saved more lives than he has hairs upon his head, was not actuated by any sordid motive when he undertook the preter-humane task of restoring to all nations and races of men that pristine health and energy of which the vices of our fathers and our own irregularities have deprived us. Leaving his remedies behind him in Europe and throughout the civilised world to do their work of rinvigorating and healing, he set out, a veritable pilgrim of philanthropy, to visit savage lands and rescue savage tribes from the thralldom of disease and death. What recompense, except the priceless tear of gratitude, the muttered blessing, and "the still, small voice of an approving conscience," had he to hope from such a course? Was it wise of him to quit for a while his lucrative and honoured post—adviser of princes and companion of the loftiest—to carry to the poor benighted sufferers of Asia, Africa, and all the islands of the seas, the blessed promise and three-fold fulfilment of a bodily and organic redemption. In a more worldly sense—so far as money is concerned—we cannot say; but it is our earnest hope that the gratitude of the millions he has rescued, and for whose physical redemption and instruction he has established ably edited organs in all tongues and climes that are known to man, has not permitted him to be the pecuniary loser by a scheme which has rebounded so immensely to their advantage: it will be a fact degrading, not to him, but to the world, if Holloway (despite his lavish charities and the splendour of his European hospitality) does not feel possessed of an immense fortune; for, grant him but a single cent per life for all the countless millions he has rescued from the grave, and the fortunes of the Rothschilds of Austria, the Barings of England, and the Astors of America would sink, united, into insignificance beside the mystic sum.

But Holloway had higher aims than the acquisition of filthy lucre: he sought to benefit the world, and render after death a good account of the great talents which were intrusted to his custody. He sought to win the confidence of men, but only for their benefit: he promised and has well fulfilled, we trusted him and have been amply rewarded. If Holloway could individually be given a bonus of one day per cent upon all the additional years his remedies have given his patients, it has been calculated that he could not die for the next two million years. Any one acquainted with the action of compound addition and interest can obtain the exact data for himself by a little study and perseverance.—*Washington Commonwealth.*

**SHOOTING SUITS, FISHING SUITS.**  
Walking Suits, Lounging Suits, Suits for the Country, Suits for the Town.  
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